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Ingenious is meant for John Hall (afterwards
Stevenson) a neighbor and boon companion
of Sterne's in Yorkshire. He wrote "Crazy
Tales"



**The Georgian Society's
Publications**

Volume I



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THE CONTINUATION OF LAURENCE STERNE'S
"SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY" WRITTEN BY
JOHN HALL STEVENSON [EUGENIUS]

*Three hundred Copies only of this
Book have been printed and the
type then distributed.*

No. 48.....

YORICK'S
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND
WRITINGS

OF

MR. STERNE

BY EUGENIUS

VOLUME I

LONDON

PRINTED FOR THE GEORGIAN SOCIETY

1902

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THE following sheets are not presented to the Public as the offspring of Mr. Sterne's pen.

THE Editor has, however, compiled this Continuation of his SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, from motives, and upon such authority, as, he flatters himself, will form a sufficient apology to his readers for its publication.

THE abrupt manner in which the second volume concluded, seemed forcibly to claim a sequel ; and doubtless, if the author's life had been spared, the world would have received it from his own hand, as he had materials already prepared. The intimacy which subsisted between Mr. Sterne and the Editor, gave the latter frequent occasion of hearing him relate the most remarkable incidents of the latter part of his last journey, which made such an impression on him, that he thinks he has retained them so perfectly as to be able to commit them to paper. In doing this, he has endeavoured to imitate his friend's style and manner ; but how far he has been successful in this respect, he leaves the reader to determine. The work may now, however, be considered as complete ; and the remaining curiosity of the readers of Yorick's Sentimental Journey, will at least be gratified with respect to facts, events, and observations.

THE reader will not, probably, be displeased to find in this place, some account of the life and writings of Mr. STERNE.

HE was the son of an Irish officer, and born in the barracks at Dublin : but he was not without relations in the Church, as

his great-grandfather was an archbishop, and his uncle the prebendary of a cathedral. He was brought up at the university of Cambridge, where the vivacity of his disposition very early in life distinguished him.

FOR some time he lived in a retired manner at Sutton in the Forest of Galtrees, a small vicarage in Yorkshire, and probably would have remained in the same obscurity, if his lively genius had not displayed itself upon an occasion which secured him a friend, and paved the way for his promotion. A person who filled a lucrative benefice, was not satisfied with enjoying it during his own lifetime, but exerted all his interest to have it entailed upon his wife and son after his decease. The gentleman that expected the reversion of this post was Mr. Sterne's friend, who had not, however, sufficient influence to prevent the success of his adversary. At this critical time, Mr. Sterne's satirical pen operated so strongly, that the intended monopolizer informed him, if he would suppress the publication of his sarcasm, he would resign his pretensions to the next candidate. The title of this piece, it appears, was to have been, "The History of a good warm watch-coat, with which the present possessor is not content to cover his own shoulders, unless he can cut out of it a petticoat for his wife, and a pair of breeches for his son." The pamphlet was suppressed, the reversion took place, and Mr. Sterne was requited, by the interest of his Patron, with the Prebendaryship of York.

MR. STERNE was about this period in the coffee-house at York, when a stranger came in, who gave much offence to the company, consisting chiefly of Gentlemen of the Gown, by descanting too freely upon religion, and the hypocrisy of the clergy. The young fellow at length addressed himself to Mr. Sterne, asking him what were his sentiments upon the subject; when, instead of answering him directly, he told the

witling, that *his dog was reckoned one of the most beautiful pointers in the whole county, was very good natured, but that he had an infernal trick which destroyed all his good qualities*——*He never sees a clergyman* (continued Sterne) *but he immediately flies at him.* “How long may he have had that trick?”——*Sir, ever since he was a puppy.* The young man felt the keenness of the satire, turned upon his heel, and left Sterne to triumph.

At this time Mr. Sterne was possessed of some good livings, having enjoyed so early as the year 1745, the vicarage of Sutton in the Forest of Galtrees, where he usually performed divine service on Sunday mornings; and in the afternoon he preached at the Rectory of Stillington, which he held as one of the Prebends of York, in which capacity he also assisted regularly, in his turn, at the Cathedral. Thus he decently lived a becoming ornament of the Church till his Rabelaisian spirit, which issued from the press, immersed him into the gaieties and frivolities of the world.

His wit and humour were already greatly admired within the circle of his acquaintance; but his genius had never yet reached the capital, when his first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* made their appearance. They were printed at York, and proposed to the booksellers there at a very moderate price: Those gentlemen, however, were such judges of their value, that they scarce offered the price of paper and print; and the work made its way into the world without any of the artifices which are often practised to put off an edition. A large impression being almost instantaneously sold, the booksellers were roused from their lethargy, and every one was eager to purchase the second edition of the copy. Mr. Sterne sold it for six hundred pounds, after being refused fifty pounds for the first impression and proprietorship.

THE first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were now in

every body's hands. All read, most approved, but few understood them. Those who had not entered into the ludicrous manner of Rabelais, or the poignant satire of Swift, did not comprehend them; but they joined with the multitude, and pronounced *Tristram Shandy* d——d clever. A few who pretended to judge for themselves, were staggered at the asterisks, and disappointed with the digressions; and even the Reviewers themselves were surprised into an eulogium upon our author, though they afterwards recanted. They recommended Mr. Shandy as a writer infinitely more ingenious and entertaining than any other of the present race of novelists; adding, his characters were striking and singular, his observations shrewd and pertinent, and, making a few exceptions, that his humour was easy and genuine.

THE publication of these two volumes brought Mr. Sterne into great repute. He was considered as the Genius of the age: his company was equally courted by the great, the literati, the witty, and the gay; and it was considered as a kind of honour to have passed an evening with the author of *Tristram Shandy*. Though some of the over-rigid clergy condemned this ludicrous performance, and judged it incompatible with that purity and morality which should ever accompany the writings of the gentlemen of the gown; these censures were far from being universal, even among the clergy; and the acquaintance he made by this publication, were in many respects advantageous to him. Among others, the Earl Faulconberg so particularly patronized the Author of this work, that, to testify his approbation, he presented Mr. Sterne with the Rectory of Cawood, which was an agreeable and convenient addition to his other livings, being all in the neighbourhood of York.

HIS next publication consisted of two volumes of Sermons, which the severest critics could not help applauding for the

purity and elegance of their style, and the excellence of their moral : but at the same time, the manner in which they were ushered to public notice, was severely, and perhaps justly, condemned. Having in his preface acquainted the reader, that “The sermon which gave rise to the publication of these, “having been offered to the public as a sermon of Yorick’s, “he hoped the serious reader would find nothing to offend “him, in his continuing those two volumes under the same “title”; this very apology was considered as an additional insult to religion ; and it was asked, “Would any man believe “that a preacher was in earnest, who should mount the pulpit “in a Harlequin’s coat ?”

WHEN the third and fourth volumes of *Tristram Shandy* made their appearance, it must be acknowledged, that the Public was not so eager in purchasing and applauding them, as they had been with respect to the first two volumes. The novelty of the style and manner, no longer remained ; his digressions began to be tedious, and the meaning of his asterisks, which by this time had been pretty clearly pointed out, were by many considered as too gross and indelicate for the eye of chastity.

HE had nevertheless a great number of admirers ; and he was encouraged to publish a fifth and sixth volume. Their satire was still poignant, spirited, and most frequently extremely just. The characters, though somewhat *outré*, were lively and in nature. He constantly caught the Ridiculous, wherever he found it ; and he never failed to present it to his readers in the most agreeable point of light. His story of *Le Fevre* was highly finished, and truly pathetic ; and would alone rescue his name from oblivion, if his Sermons were not considered as some of the best moral discourses extant.

THE seventh, eighth, and ninth volumes have not yet com-

pleated that work ; so that what was said upon the publication of his first volumes has been verified : “Mr. Shandy seems “ so extremely fond of digressions, and, of giving his historical “ readers the slip upon all occasions, that we are not a little “ apprehensive he may, some time or other, give them the slip “ in good earnest, and leave the work before the story was “ finished.”

IN the above-mentioned volumes, Mr. Sterne carries his readers through France, and introduces some scenes and characters which are afterwards taken up in his *Sentimental Journey*, particularly that of Maria : So that this may in some measure be considered as a continuation of the *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*.

A VERY good judge of literature hath given his opinion of the *Sentimental Journey* in these words : “His last work may “ be considered as his greatest ; since it contains a variety “ of agreeable pathetic descriptions, in an easy simple style, “ cleared from much of the obscenity and levity which lebase “ the former volumes.”

As Mr. Sterne advanced in literary fame, he left his livings to the care of his curates ; and though he acquired some thousands by his productions, being a character very distant from an œconomist, his savings were no greater at the end of the year than when he had no other support but the single vicarage of Sutton. Indeed, his travelling expences abroad, and the luxurious manner in which he lived with the gay and polite at home, greatly promoted the dissipation of a very considerable sum which his writings produced, and which might have been a future assistance to his family. This being the case, at his death, his widow, and daughter, an agreeable young lady about sixteen, who had both resided for some years in a convent in France, finding that their pensions

must discontinue, came over here in order to publish his posthumous works. Being at York during the last races, some humane gentlemen took into consideration their disagreeable situation, and made them a present of a purse containing a thousand pounds.

THE difference which subsisted between Mr. Sterne and his wife for some years, has been differently accounted for. The lady complained of infidelity to her bed ; the Prebend apologised for this separation, on account of her temper, which he averred was insupportable. Perhaps these two causes united, might produce the effect.

THE ladies, however, so far from testifying any dislike to their residence in France, are now preparing to return to that country, having partly made a provision for their future support in their former recluse manner of life.

SINCE the publication of the first edition of this work, the Editor has been informed, to his great concern and astonishment, that the body of Mr. Sterne, who was buried near Marybone, was taken up some time after his interment, and is supposed to have been carried to Oxford, and anatomized by an eminent surgeon of that city.

THE Editor thinks he cannot conclude this Preface with more propriety, than by subjoining the character of Mr. Sterne, as drawn by himself, under the name of *Yorick*.

“THIS is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick’s extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seemed not to have one single drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis: In nine hundred years, it might possibly have all run out:—I will not philosophise one moment with you about it ; for, happen how

it would, the fact was this: — That instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humours you have looked for, in one so extracted; he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition, as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions; with as much life, and whim, and *gaieté de cœur* about him, as the kindest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world; and, at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it, as a romping unsuspicious girl of thirteen: So that, upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of some body's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way—you may likewise imagine, 'twas with such he had generally the ill luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *fracas*:—For, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as such;—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together; but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared a cloke for ignorance or for folly; and then, whenever it fell in his way, however shelter'd and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

“Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say, that gravity was an arrant scoundrel; and he would add, of the most dangerous kind too, because a sly one; and that he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no danger—but to itself; whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;

'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth ; and that, with all its pretensions, it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it, *viz.* A mysterious carriage of the body, to cover the defects of the mind ; which definition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence, would say, deserves to be wrote in letters of gold.

“ But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse, where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was, what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of ; which impression he would usually translate into plain English, without any periphrasis, and too oft without much distinction of either personage, time, or place ; so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding, he never gave himself a moment’s time to reflect who was the hero of the piece, what his station, or, how far he had power to hurt him hereafter ; but if it was a dirty action, without more ado, the man was a dirty fellow, and so on : And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wing to Yorick’s indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet at the same time, as he seldom shunned, occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without ceremony, he had but too many temptations in life, of scattering his wit and his humour, his jibes and his jests about him.—They were not lost for want of gathering.”

EUGENIUS.

YORICK'S
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
CONTINUED

THE CASE OF DELICACY COMPLETED

—CAUGHT hold of the *fille de chambre*'s—

“What?” says the critic.

Hand.

“No, no, a plain subterfuge, Mr. Yorick,” cries the casuist.

“Yes, 'tis indeed but too plain,” says the priest.

Now, I'll venture my black silk breeches, that have never been worn but upon this occasion, against a dozen of Burgundy, such as we drank last night—for I mean to lay with the lady—that their worships are all in the wrong.

“'Tis scarcely possible,” replied these sagacious gentlemen: “the consequence is too obvious to be mistaken.”

Now I think, that if we consider the occasion—notwithstanding the *fille de chambre* was as lively a French girl as ever moved, and scarce twenty—if we consider that she would naturally have turned her front towards her mistress,

by way of covering the breach occasioned by the removal of the corking-pins—it would puzzle all the geometricians that ever existed, to point out the section my arm must have formed to have caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*—

But we will allow them the *position*—was it criminal in me? was I apprised of her being so situated? could I imagine she would come without covering? for what, alas! is a *shift only*, upon such an occasion?

Had she, indeed, been as much disposed for taciturnity as my Parisian *fille de chambre*, whom I first met, with her *Egarments de Cœur*, all would have been well: But this loquacious *Lyonnoise*, no sooner felt my hand, than she screamed like a stuck pig. Had it contained a poniard, and had I been making an attempt upon her life as well as her virtue, she could not have been more vociferous.—*Ab Monseigneur!*—*Ab Madame!*—*Mon-sieur l'Anglois—il y est! il y est!*

Such repeated exclamations soon brought together the hostess and the two *voiturins*; for as they thought nothing less than bloodshed was going on, their consciences would not let them remain absent.—The hostess, in a tremulous situation, was imploring *St. Ignace*, whilst she crossed herself with the greatest swiftness. The *voiturins* had forgot even their breeches in the hurry, and therefore had a less claim to decency in appearance than myself; for I had by this time jumped out of bed, and was standing bolt upright, close to the lady, when we received this visit.

After the first testimonies of surprise had subsided, the *fille de chambre* was ordered to explain the cause of her outcry, and whether any robbers had broke into the inner room. To this she made no reply, but had presence of mind enough to make a precipitate retreat into the closet.

As the explanation rested upon her, and she was unwilling

to make it, I should have escaped all censure of suspicion, had I not, most unfortunately, in my tossing and tumbling in bed for want of rest, worked off a very material button upon my black silk breeches; and by some accident the other button-hole having slipped its hold, the stipulated article of the breeches seemed to have been entirely infringed upon.

I saw the Piedmontoise lady's eye catch the object: and mine pursuing the course of her direction, I beheld what put me more to the blush, though in breeches, than the nakedness of the two voiturins, the hostess's tattered shift, or even her ladyship's dismantled charms.

I was standing, Eugenius, bolt-upright, close to her, when she made this discovery.—It brought back her recollection—she jumped into bed, and covered herself over with the clothes, ordering breakfast to be got immediately.

Upon this signal our visitors retired, and we had an opportunity of conferring upon the articles of our treaty.

THE NEGOTIATION

AS the security of the corking-pins had been ineffectual for some time, the Piedmontoise lady, like an able negotiator, armed herself at all points, before she resumed the conference. She well knew the powers of dress as well as address;—though, believe me, I thought every argument of her revealed rhetoric insurmountable. But here comes the *café au lait*, and I have scarce time to huddle on my things.

AT BREAKFAST

Lady. I wonder not, Sir, that the misunderstandings between France and England are so frequent, when your nation are so often, and without provocation, guilty of the infraction of treaties.

Yor. Bless me ! Madam, recollect yourself ; it was stipulated by the third article, that Monsieur might say his prayers ;—and I have to this moment done nothing more than ejaculate, though your fille de chambre, by her extraordinary, and as yet unintelligible outcries, threw me into violent convulsions, and such as were very far from being of the pleasantest sort.

Lady. Pardon me, Sir, you have infringed upon every article, except the first, which was dictated by external politeness ;—but even here the barrier stipulation was broke down.

Yor. Your ladyship will please to observe, that the barrier part of the treaty was broke down by yourself, in the warmth of your argument concerning the third article.

Lady. But then, Sir, the breeches ?

Yor. There indeed, Madam, you touch me to the quick.—I acknowledge the default ;—but it was the effect of accident.

Lady. But it was not the effect of accident that occasioned you to lay violent hands upon my fille de chambre.

Yor. Violent hands, Madam !——I touch'd her but with one hand ; and a jury of virgins, Madam, could have brought it in nothing more than the chance-medley of sensation.

After this congress, a new treaty was entered into, by which all possible care was taken for the exigencies of inns, beds, corking-pins, naked fille de chambres, unlucky breeches, buttons, *etc. etc. etc.* So that if we had planned a new convention for the demolition of the harbour of Dunkirk, and that of Mardyke, it could not have been done with more political circumspection ; nor could one have thought it possible to have been evaded, either by design or accident.

A PROVISION FOR THE POOR

NATURE! whatever shape thou wearest, whether on the mountains of Nova Zembla, or in the parched soil of the torrid tropics, still thou art amiable! still thou shalt guide my footsteps! With thy help, the life allotted to this weak, this tender fabric, shall be rational and just. Those gentle emotions which thou inspirest by an organized congeniality in all thy parts, teach me to feel:—instruct me to participate another's woes, to sympathize at distress, and find an uncommon glow of satisfaction at felicity. How then can the temporary, transient misfortunes of an hour cloud this brow, where Serenity was wont to fix her reign?—No,——avaunt ye wayward jaundice spleens!——seize on the hypocrite, whose heart recoils at every forged puritanic face;——assail the miser, who sighs even when he beholds his treasures, and thinks of the instability of bolts and locks.——Reflect, wretch, on the still greater instability of life itself: calculate, caitiff, the days thou hast to live—some ten years, or less:——allot the portion thou now spendest for that period, and give the rest to the truly needy.

Could my prayers prevail, with zeal and reason joined, Misery would be banished from earth, and every month be a vintage for the poor.

FRIENDSHIP

SOME over-rigid priest may perhaps imagine my prayer should have preceded breakfast and business, and that then my negotiation with the fair Piedmontoise might have been more successful.—It might so.

My life hath been a tissue of incidents, interwoven by the

hand of Fortune after a whimsical but not distasteful pattern : the ground is light and chearful, but the flowers are so variegated, that scarce any weaver of fancy will be able to imitate it.

A letter from Paris, from London, from you, Eugenius !— Oh my friend ! I'll be with thee, at the Hôtel de Saxe, ere you have tarried the double rotation of diurnal reckoning.

THE CONFLICT

“**T**HEN I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit, at Brussels !—
 “ ’Tis only returning from Italy through Germany to
 “ Holland, by the route of Flanders.” What a conflict between
 love and friendship ! Ah Madame de L—— ! the Remise
 door hath ruined my peace of mind.—The monk’s horn box
 recalls you every moment to my sight ;—and those eyes, which view
 thy fair form in fancy, realize a stream that involuntarily flows !

If ever I wished for an inflexible heart, callous to anxiety, and equally insensible to pleasure and to pain, ’tis now : but this is blasphemy against the religion of sentiment, and I will expiate my crime.—How ? I will pay that tribute which is due to friendship, though it cost my affections the toil even of life.

THE CASE OF FALSE DELICACY

WHEN I had embraced this resolution, I began to think what apology I could politely make to the Piedmontoise lady for my abrupt departure, and non-performance of the treaty I had entered into as far as Turin. If any part of our former connection had the appearance of being infringed upon, the incidents and accidents which occasioned the seeming infraction, might in some measure palliate the circumstances ;

but here is a direct violation of our second treaty, that was so religiously ratified! How then can the potentates of the earth be considered as culpable for the renewal of a war after a *definitive treaty of peace*, considering the many unforeseen and unexpected events by which the temple of Janus may be thrown open!—Whilst I was in this soliloquy, she entered the room, and told me, that the voiturins were ready, and the mules harnessed.—Eugenius, if a blush be a mark of innate modesty, or shame, and not of guilt, I will confess to thee, that whilst my face was crimsoned o'er with the tinge of conscious impropriety, my tongue faltered, and refused its office—"Madam," said I, "a letter"—and here I stopt. She saw my confusion, but could not account for it.

"We can stay, Sir, till you have wrote your letter,"——My confusion increased; and it was not till after a pause of some minutes, when I summoned to my aid the powers of resolution and friendship, that I was able to tell her, "I must 'be the bearer of it myself."

Didst thou ever, when in want of money, apply to a dubious friend to assist thee? What then were thy feelings, whilst thou wast viewing the agitations of his muscles, the terror or compassion of his eye; or sinking the tender emotions of the heart, and turning to thee with a malicious sneer, he asked thee,——"What security!" Or, wert thou ever enamoured with an imperious haughty fair one, on whom thou hadst lavished all thy wishes, hopes, and joys; when having at length marshalled thy resolution to declare thy passion, catching her eyes at the first opening of thy soul, thou sawest indignation and contempt lurking in each pupil arming for thy destruction:——then, Eugenius, figure to yourself the beauteous Piedmontoise collecting all her pride and vanity into one focus, with female resentment for their engineer.

C'est la politesse Angloise ; mais cela ne convient pas à des honnêtes gens.

“This is English politeness ; but it should not be exercised upon decent people.”

Why, in the name of Fate, or Chance, or fatal Sway, or what you will, should the incidents of my life, the wayward shades of my canvas, draw upon a whole nation such an imputation ?

’Twere injurious, fair Piedmontoise ! But thou art gone, and may the cherubims of felicity attend thee !

OBSTINACY

THIS was not the only difficulty I experienced from the alteration in my plan of operations. The voiturin, with whom I had agreed to carry me to Turin, would not wheel about to St. Michael, before he had compleated his journey, as he there expected a returning traveller to defray the expence back. I in vain pleaded the advantage he would receive by so short a post, and that he would most probably find some body there destined to Turin. No ;——he was as obstinate as the mules he drove, and there seemed a congeniality of sentiment between them, which might perhaps be ascribed to their constant acquaintance and conversation. All my rhetoric, all my reasoning made as little impression as the excommunications and anathemas religiously and devoutly pronounced by the French clergy, against the intruding rats and caterpillars.

Finding there was no other alternative than paying the double fare back, I at length consented ; and with my usual philanthropy, began to impute this thirst of gain, so universally

prevalent, to some latent cause in our frame, or to some invisible particles of air which we suck in with our first breath, as soon as we are ushered into the world, with a scream of disapprobation at the journey we are compelled to perform.

THE CHANCE-MEDLEY OF EXISTENCE

“**T**HE scream of disapprobation at the journey we are compelled to perform.” This conceit pleased me, and I thought it both new and apposite to my present situation : so getting into the chaise, with a smile of complacency at the mules, who for once seemed to have conferred all their perverse disposition on their driver, I revolved in my mind some strange unconnected conclusions from the premises of my conceit.

If then, said I, we are forced upon this journey of life ; if we are brought into it without our knowledge or consent ; and if, had it not been for the fortuitous concourse of atoms, we might have been a tobacco-pipe, or even a tobacco stopper,—a goose, or a monkey—why are we accountable for our passions, our follies, and our caprices ? Were you or I, Eugenius, by some tyrant, compelled to be a courtier, ere we had learn’d to dance, should he punish us for the awkwardness of our bow ? Or, having learn’d to dance, should know nothing of the etiquettes of courts ; wherefore make me, against my will, a master of the ceremonies, to be impaled for my ignorance ?——Heroes and emperors have been lost in nocturnal imagery, and Alexander and Cæsar might have been bleached from existence.

Consider this, Eugenius, and laugh at the boasted self-importance of the greatest monarchs of the earth.

MARIA

UPON my arrival at Moulines, I enquired after this disconsolate maid, and was informed she had breathed her last, ten days after I had seen her. I informed myself of the place of her burial, whither I repaired ; but there was

Not a stone to tell where she lay.

However, by the freshness of the surface of the earth which had been removed, I soon traced out her grave,——where I paid the last tribute due to virtue ;——nor did I grudge a tear.

Alas, sweet maid, thou art gone !——but it is to be numbered with angels, whose fair representative thou wast upon earth.——Thy cup of bitterness was full, too full to hold, and it hath run over into eternity.——There wilt thou find the gall of life converted into the sweets, the purest sweets of immortal felicity.

THE POINT OF HONOUR

AFTER having paid these sincere obsequies to the manes of Maria, resumed my chaise, and fell into a train of thinking on the happiness and misery of mankind : this reverie, however, was presently interrupted by the clashing of swords in a thicket adjoining to the road. I ordered the postillion to stop, and, getting out, repaired to the spot from whence the noise issued. It was with some difficulty I reached the place, as the path which led to it was meandering and intricate.

The first object which presented itself to my view was a handsome young man, who appeared to be expiring in consequence of a wound he had just received from another not much

older, who stood weeping over him, whilst he beheld the bloody instrument of destruction reeking in his hand—I stood aghast for some moments on seeing this melancholy spectacle. When I had recovered myself from the surprise into which it had thrown me, I inquired the cause of this bloody conflict; but received no other answer than a fresh stream of tears.

At length, wiping away the briny flood which watered his cheeks, with a sigh he uttered, “My honour, Sir, compelled “me to the deed; my conscience condemned it:—but all “remonstrance was vain; and through the bosom of my friend “I have pierced my own heart, whose wounds will never heal.” Here a fresh gush of woe issued from the source of sorrow, which seemed inexhaustible.

What is this phantom, Honour!—that plunges a dagger where it should offer balsam? Traitor, perfidious traitor! thou that talkest at large under the habit of ridiculous custom, or more ridiculous fashion, which, united by caprice, have become a law—a code of laws!—Equally unknown to our forefathers, unknown to those we style unpolished and barbarous, you are reserved for this age of luxury, learning, and refinement; for the seat of the Muses, the residence of the Graces.—Ah! is it possible? Are ye not the fair representatives of Gratitude, which so often runs counter to Honour and her fallacious blandishments?

GRATITUDE

A FRAGMENT

—GRATITUDE being a fruit which cannot be produced by any other tree than Beneficence, must necessarily, from having so noble an origin, so divine a descent, be a perfect virtue.

I shall not, for my part, says *Multifarius Secundus*, hesitate to place it at the head of all the other virtues: especially as the Omnipotent himself requires no other at our hands;—this alone affording all the others necessary for salvation.

Even the Pagans held this virtue in such high esteem, that in honour of it they imaged three divinities, under the name of the Graces, whom they distinguished by the names of *Thalia*, *Agalia*, and *Euphrosyne*. These three goddesses presided over Gratitude, judging that one alone was not sufficient to do honour to so rare a virtue. It is to be observed, that the poets have represented them naked, in order to point out, that in cases of beneficence and acknowledgment, we should act with the utmost sincerity, and without the least disguise. They were depicted vestals, and in the bloom of youth, to inculcate, that good offices should ever be remembered in their most verdant freshness; that our gratitude ought never to slacken or sink under the weight of time; and that it behoves us to search for every possible occasion to testify our sensibility of benefits received. They were represented with a soft and smiling mien, to signify the joy we should feel, when we can express our sense of the obligations we owe; their number was fixed to three, to teach us that acknowledgments should be threefold, in proportion to the benefit received; and they were described as holding each other by the hand, to instruct us that obligations and gratitude should be inseparable.

Thus have we been taught by the Pagans, whom we condemn!—Christians, remember you are their superiors;—show your superiority in virtue.

THE FELLOW-TRAVELLER

WHILST the unfortunate stranger was lamenting the destruction of his friend, he forgot his own safety.—Perceiving some horsemen at a distance, and conjecturing, that

having gained intelligence of the intended duel, they might, perhaps, be coming in search of the combatants, I entreated him to get into my chaise, which should carry him with all possible speed to Paris, where he could either conceal himself till the affair was settled in his favour, or escape to any part of Europe.

My remonstrances had their proper effect, and with little farther entreaty I prevailed on him to be my companion and fellow-traveller.

By the time we had got about a league from the fatal spot, I observed the moisture of his eyes diminished, his bosom throbbed with less energy, and his whole frame began to tranquillize. We had not yet broke silence since my resuming the chaise; when, finding his propensity to make me acquainted with the cause of his misfortune increase, I politely, though not impertinently, urged him to the task.

THE STORY

“ I AM, said he, the son of a member of the parliament of Languedoc. Having finished my studies, I went to reside for some months at Paris, where I formed an acquaintance with a gentleman somewhat younger than myself, who was a man of rank, and the heir to a considerable fortune; and who had been sent thither by his relations, as well for improvement, as to estrange him from a young lady of inferior rank and fortune, who seemed too much to have engrossed his attention.

“ He revealed to me his passion for this young lady, who, he said, had made so great an impression on him, that it was not in the power of time or absence to obliterate her dear image from his bosom. They kept up a constant correspondence by letters: those from her seemed to breathe the purest accents of sympathetic love. He consulted me how he should act, and I advised

him always to the best of my judgment. I could not pretend to dissuade him from loving the lady, whose form he told me, was the representation of Venus: and, if it is possible to be enamoured with a portrait drawn by such a warm admirer, that, surely, had the power of exciting all the emotions of the tender passion. I therefore applauded his choice; and as our sentiments entirely agreed upon the impotence of wealth and grandeur, when placed in competition with happiness, we considered the tyranny of parents, in compelling their children to marry against their inclinations, as the greatest of all temporal evils.

“About this time I received a letter from my father, ordering me to return home. As there was something very positive in the command, without any reason being assigned, I was apprehensive that some of my little gallantries, which you know are inevitable at Paris, had reached his ears; and therefore prepared myself for the journey with a contrite heart, and a penitential aspect. I had indeed the more reason for this gloominess, as my last remittance, which was to have served me three months, was exhausted at the end of the first, and there was no possibility of travelling without money. But my generous friend anticipated even a hint upon the occasion; and presenting me with a small box, which he begg’d I would keep for his sake, I found in it a draught upon a banker for a larger sum than I required to perform my journey.

“As he never omitted any opportunity of writing to his dear Angelica, he begged I would deliver a letter to her, as she resided in my father’s neighbourhood, and also his picture, which had been executed by one of the most celebrated artists in Paris, and was richly set with brilliants for a bracelet.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

“ I T was with the greatest reluctance I left Paris, and its various amusements ; but they did not affect me nearly so much as the loss of my friend’s company, as we had lived together upon the footing of brothers, and were by some called Pylades and Orestes. On my way, every stage brought me nearer, I thought, to parental reproach, for my follies and extravagance, and I prepared myself to receive the severest castigation with the humility and respect due from a son (a prodigal son) to his father.

“ But what was my surprise, when, running to meet me at the gate with joy depicted in his countenance, he exclaimed, “ My son, this mark of your ready obedience endears you still more to me, and renders you worthy the good fortune that awaits you.” I thanked him for the kindness he expressed for me, but testified my surprise at this good fortune he talked of.

“ Walk in,” said he, “ and that mystery will be revealed.” Saying this, he introduced me to an elderly gentleman, and a young lady ; adding, “ Sir, this is to be your wife.”

“ There was an honest sincerity and friendly bluntness in my father, very different from the fawning of court sycophants, a species of beings he had ever been estranged from.

“ The young lady blushed, whilst I stood motionless ; my tongue was deprived of the powers of utterance, my hands forgot their office, and my legs tottered under me. Surprised at the sight of so much beauty and innocence, I had not time to reflect, but found a thousand Cupids at once seize upon my heart, and force it into inevitable captivity.

“ As soon as I recovered myself from the consternation this

unexpected event had thrown me into, I paid my respects to the company in the best manner I was able, and was wished joy upon my happy alliance, as if the nuptials had really taken place. It is true, it was impossible to view so divine an object without being enamoured; or not to have judged my lot compleatly happy, when my father's approbation had forerun my own.

THE INTERVIEW

“DINNER was served, when mirth and festivity reigned in every countenance, except that of my intended bride: this I ascribed to her modesty and bashfulness at my sudden arrival, and abrupt introduction. I took the earliest opportunity of being alone with her to unfold my sentiments, and acquaint her with the deep impression she had made upon my heart.

“Soon after dinner this opportunity occurred. Walking in the garden, we found ourselves sequestered from the rest of the company, in a little grove, which Nature, in her kindest hour, seemed to have destined for the retreat of lovers. “Madam, “said I, after the declaration which has been made, and our “happy introduction, with the consent of both our fathers, I “flatter myself I shall not offend you, when I tell you, that there “is nothing wanting to compleat my felicity, and make me the “happiest of beings, but your telling me that the alliance which “is going to take place, is as agreeable to you as it seems to “every one else. Oh! tell me, my angel, that I am not forced “upon you:—say, at least, I may hope to enjoy some small “share in your affections;—for the most earnest assiduity, and “the most constant desire of pleasing you, shall be the task of “my whole life.”

“Sir, replied she, there is a noble candour in your countenance, which must abhor deception. Were I to tell you I

“could ever love you, I should be guilty of the greatest deception. It is impossible.”

“Heaven! what do I hear?—Impossible to love me!—Am I then of so hideous, so monstrous a form?—Hath Nature cast me in so barbarous a mould, that I am repugnant to the sight, and detestable to the fairest and most amiable of the creation?—If so——”

“No, Sir, you wrong Nature, and injure yourself.—Your mien is graceful, your person elegant, your countenance pleasing, and every embellishment of art seems exhausted upon you;—but it is my cruel lot”—Here a stream of tears stopt her farther utterance.——

“Oh! Madam, said I, kneeling, I beseech you to hear the prayer of the most earnest of your supplicants,—It is not because the mandates of a parent may seem to entitle me to your hand;——I scorn to force it, or have it without your heart:——but I beseech you to endeavour to let me merit you, and convince you of the reality of my passion, which is ardent as it is insurmountable.”——

“Heaven! what was my surprise, when uttering these last words, I perceived my friend, my honoured friend, rushing from behind the thicket, and drawing his sword.

——“Villain! exclaimed he, thou shalt pay for thy treachery.”

“The lady fainting, he sheathed his sword to assist her. When she was carried into the house, he bid me follow him. Unknowing how I had offended, or by what magic he could be at my father’s house when I thought him in Paris, I accompanied him. As we walked on towards the forest, he thus explained himself:

“Sir, your treachery to me I was acquainted with a few hours after your departure from Paris; and though you thought proper to conceal the subject of your journey from me, the whole city echoed with your nuptials before night. I accordingly set out post directly, and, as you find, have come in time to prevent your union with Angelica.”

“Angelica! said I.—Heaven knows how unjustly you accuse me: I was ignorant that this was Angelica.”

“Childish evasion! said he; this may impose on fools and drivellers,—but I must have other satisfaction.—Have you delivered my letter and picture?”

“No;—it was impossible.”——

“Villain, villain!——No,——you thought it more prudent to recommend your own suit.—I heard every word that passed, and therefore it is needless to add to your guilt by the violation of truth.”

“In vain did I expostulate with him to prove my innocence.—In vain did I promise to give up all my pretensions to Angelica, and travel to the most distant parts of the world to forget her;—he was inexorable.—It was impossible for me to convince him that I had not deceived him at Paris, or that I had not known it was Angelica, to whom I proposed paying my addresses. In a word, we reached the spot where you found us, when, with the greatest reluctance, I drew to defend myself, after being branded with the repeated epithets of *dastardly coward*, and *infamous poltroon*.——You know the rest.”

Here a flood of tears concluded my fellow-traveller's narration, and seemed a very pertinent epilogue.

THE INN

THIS affecting story had preyed so much upon my spirits, and I had entered so deeply into the circumstances, that I was very glad to see a little inn on the side of the road, as I stood in great need of some refreshment.

The hostess, who welcomed us soon after we entered, was a comely well-looking woman, *embonpoint*, neither old nor young; or, as the French express it, *d'un certain age*;—which, by the way, is a very uncertain method of determining it: I shall therefore class her about thirty-eight. A Cordelier was taking his leave of her, and there was reason to judge, from the sanctity with which she eyed him, she had been at confession. Her handkerchief was somewhat rumpled, and deficient in a few pins; the centre of her cap was also not directly upon the centre of her head; but this may be attributed to the fervour of her devotion, and the hurry in which she was called to salute her new guests.

We called for a bottle of Champaign, when she told me, “She had some of the best in all France; that she perceived I was an Englishman; and tho’ the two nations were at war, she would always do justice to individuals, and must own that *My Lords Anglois* were the most generous *Seigneurs* in Europe; that she should therefore think herself guilty of much injustice, if she were to offer an Englishman a glass of wine which was not fit for the *Grand Monarque*.”

There was no disputing with a female upon so delicate a subject; and therefore, though my companion with myself judged it the worst bottle of Champaign we had ever tasted, I highly applauded it, as highly paid for it, and as highly complimented my landlady for her politesse.

On our arrival at Paris, I set down my fellow-traveller at his old lodgings in *La Rue Guenigaud*, where he proposed disguising himself in the habit of an Abbé, a character the least taken notice of in that city, except they are professed wits, or determined critics. He promised to meet me at the *Caffè Anglois*, over against the *Pont Neuf*, at nine, that we might sup together, and deliberate on the steps necessary to be taken for his security. It was now five, so that I had four hours of lounging and lodging-hunting; how then could I better employ my time than in a short (perhaps a long) conference with the agreeable *Marchande de Gands*?

In the first place, no woman in the whole city was better informed where lodgings were to be let; her shop was a kind of *bureau d'adresse* for empty hôtels. This, indeed, I did not know, when I entered her shop;—but why should the circumstance be less in my favour, because I was not pre-acquainted with it? In the second place, no female had more early intelligence with respect to the news of the day, and it was necessary I should know if my friend's affair had yet reached the capital: but this I was to learn with caution and address; it was, therefore, necessary we should retire into the back-shop.

THE TILT OF ARMS

PARIS AND LONDON

PARIS—thy emblem is a ship;—yet thy Seine is not navigable—Take London's Cross——(you may drop the bloody dagger in the streights of Dover and Calais, to cleanse its sanguinary blade) and with it emblazon *Nôtre Dame*; whilst thy ship sails with the tide up the Thames, and casts anchor in the port of commerce.

In which of the nine hundred streets—I mean lanes—of this capital of the world—for who can dispute a Parisian's word, who never has excursed beyond the gates?—I say, in which shall I take up my lodging? But softly:—there lives my beautiful *Marchande de Gands*.—Those silken eye-lashes! there she is at the door—the nets of love fabled by poets are surely realized by them.——“*Madame, la fortune m'a jetté encore une fois dans vôtre quartier sans y penser.*——“*Comment se porte, Madame?*”——“*A merveille, Monsieur; —charmée de vous voir.*”

What urbanity in a stranger!——what a polite language!——and how happily expressed by a glover's wife!

THE BACK-SHOP

WE had not made this retreat many minutes, before my beautiful *Marchande* had run over all the news of the day. I was presently informed of every fresh connection between the opera dancers, *les filles d'honneur, & les filles de joye, avec My Lords Anglois, les Barons Allemands, & les Marquis Italiens*. The rapidity with which she dispatched these connections, could be compared to nothing but the torrent of the Rhone, or the fall of Niagara. I had sucked in more scandal in the space of ten minutes, than would have furnished a modern Atalantis writer with memoirs for a couple of volumes. “But said she, “*à propos*:———have you seen any of our new manufacture “of gloves?”———“What are they?” I asked.—Upon which she took down a band-box, and produced a very curious collection. “These, said she, are *les gands d'amour*: they “were invented *par Mr. le Duc de* —— . The cause was “singular, and worth mentioning. *Madame la Duchesse* had “for her cicisbeo a Scotch officer, who had some eruptions “of a particular kind.—You know, Sir, that that nation has “a disorder peculiar to themselves as well as we:——All

“ countries have their misfortunes. Madame’s valet de chambre told his master in confidence, that he was afraid *Mr. le Capitaine* had communicated something to her ladyship that he did not dare mention.—*Qui est ce que c’est ?* What is it? said the Duke.—*Ce n’est pas la gale ?* It is not the itch? The valet shrugged up his shoulders, and the Duchess entered. *La politesse* would not allow the Duke to proceed upon an *eclaircissement* with his lady; he therefore set about divining a means to avoid the infection. He had heard of an English colonel who had hit upon a lucky expedient, in a case not unsimilar; but his name, which the manufacture bore, was so barbarous, that it could never be pronounced with decency; he therefore called his device *les gands d’amour*, and now they are in great esteem throughout Paris. But I should have informed you, the duchess was never inoculated, and that she died of the small-pox a few months after. Her physicians, it is said, mistook her disorder; and having never been in your country, they forgot that *la gale*, or any other disorder, whether cutaneous or not, might be transplanted hither. I hope,” continued she, casting a most amorous leer through those beautiful eye-lashes, which penetrated farther than I thought it possible for a single look to perforate, “that you’ll be a customer!—you’ll certainly wear them when they are so universally the fashion.”

Saying this, she produced some of various sizes and patterns; but I objected to most of them, as being too large for my hand. At length she produced a pair which I thought were near the mark: “I’ll try them on, Sir;—but your hand must be very small to fit these.” “It is rather warm now, Madame, so that I believe you may try a size larger.” She placed herself on my side, and with both her hands had almost effected the design, when her husband passed through the parlour;—who nodding his head as he passed, said, “*Faites—faites—ne hangez pas.*”

THE EFFECT

I KNOW not how to account for it? but I always found something of a tremor come over me, when I was detected by a lady's husband in private conversation with her, though in the most innocent attitude——That ours was the most innocent in the world at this time, cannot possibly be controverted:——Besides, it was a matter of business. Who could blame a female vender of gloves for trying them on in the back-shop?

But, be this as it may, the unexpected arrival of the *bon homme* had almost rendered the gloves useless.—My hand shook so (by what kind of sympathy I know not) that it was unable to do its office:——it slipt through the glove, and fell from the fair one's hand. "*Mon dieu!*" said she, *qui est ce que vous avez?*" To which I replied with much propriety — "*Ma foi, Madame, je n'ai rien.*" "You are ill, Sir,—take a drop of *liqueur*"; which she immediately produced from an adjoining closet. The cordial was of some efficacy; but not sufficient to remove the perturbation of my spirits, occasioned solely by the entrance of the husband: so that I had not resolution sufficient to undergo a second trial of the gloves from her fair hand; but I desired her to put up a couple of pairs of the smaller size. She asked me what colour.—I replied black.—"*Comment,*" said she, *avec des rubans noir, sans être en deuil.*" But I cleared up this, by telling her a clergyman, though not in mourning, could not in decency wear any gloves (even *gands d'amour*) of a gay colour.

The subject of my first entrance into this lady's shop, may be thought to have evaporated in the trying on the gloves, and the fright from the host.—But the truth is, I had taken my measures in the fore-shop before our retreat. I mean, I

had secured a lodging ; and as to the intelligence concerning my unfortunate fellow-traveller, it did not come within the compass of her knowledge. This much I thought due to myself, and to my new acquaintance.

SLANDER

I DOUBT not, from the good-nature and candour of my former critics, that the last chapter will be subpœna'd against me in the monthly Trials of Authors, *without jury* ; and that I shall be pronounced by that Bench of Judges, such as they are, guilty of high-treason against the kingdom of decency, for penning the same, though there is not therein a dash, a star, or asterisk which, in my work, have constantly alarmed their virtue. But as I shall be among my Peers, I enter the following protest :

“ I DO not agree to the said resolution, because I am thoroughly convinced they do not understand the said chapter ; and because, without they enter into a complete explanation thereof, I must be of opinion, that it is above their comprehension.

“ YORICK.”

THE OPERA GIRL

IT hath ever been a rule with me, to think the pleasures of this world of no benefit, unless enjoyed. I had two pair of *gands d'amour* in my pocket scarcely tried on——I went to the opera, finding, my dear Eugenius, that you were not arrived, and saw Mademoiselle *De La Cour* dance à *merveille*——I beheld the finest limbs from the parterre that could possibly have been chiseled by a Protogenes or Praxiteles. I conversed with the Abbé De M—— upon the subject.—He said he would introduce me to her. I waited upon her to her coach, and had the

honour of handing her into it. She gave my hand such a squeeze, upon being informed that I was an Englishman, that I felt an emotion immediately at my heart, communicated from the extremity of my fingers, which may be better imagined than described.

She gave us an elegant *petit souper*, and the Abbé hastily retired after drinking a single glass. The conversation had already taken a turn towards the tender passion; I was expatiating upon sentimental felicity, and setting forth all the blandishments of Platonic love, when she burst into a loud laugh—saying, she frankly owned she was not a professed disciple to my system, and thought it would go down much better with a sprinkling of the practical.

At any other time I should have been disgusted with the grossness of the thought in a female; but at present I was disposed for a frolic, and gave her a bumper to *Vive la bagatelle*. I shewed her my new purchase, and asked her whether I should be in the fashion. She said they were of a scanty pattern, though *à la grec*; but recommended me for the future always to have my gloves *à la mousquetaire*.

Just as we had come to a final resolution upon this interesting subject, Sir Thomas G——— was announced. The servant attempted to open the door; but finding it made some resistance, as it was by accident bolted on the inside, his confusion was greater than ours.—He imagining the knight at his heels, did not dare turn to inform him of the impediment, but whispered through the keyhole, *Madame, "le chevalier s'y trouve"*: the *gands d'amour*, however, were come into play, and she was pulling one on *plus badinant* than even the *Marchande* herself. It was when she had brought herself to approve of the fitting—that this fatal whisper once more disconcerted the trial of the duke's noble invention. "*Cachez vous sous le lit*," said Mademoiselle La Cour.

Was ever ecclesiastic in such a piteous predicament ! Sir Thomas G—— would have been very glad to have seen Yorick in any other situation ; but Mademoiselle La Cour had persuaded him she never had any male visitors except himself ; and to prove he believed her, he flung a hundred louis d'ors into her lap every Sunday morning.

My mortification would not have been so very great, if an early retreat into the bed-chamber had not rendered my situation almost intolerable. My rival triumphed over me without knowing it, and I was compelled to perform the character of Mercury, under all these disadvantages, in spite of my teeth.

THE RETREAT

IT was finely said of the Duke of Marlborough, that the only part of generalship he was unacquainted with, was retreating. Love has often been compared to war, and with much propriety. When I thought to have carried La Cour by a *coup de main*, armed with *les gands d'amour*, the commander-in-chief made a sally, and compelled me to a most disgraceful capitulation. "How dissimilar to the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough ! said I—Can this ever be told in my Sentimental Journey ?—But I've not abandoned the place."——Just as I had made these reflections, La Cour put her hand down to the side of the bed, and I had an opportunity of kissing it without being perceived.

Sir Thomas having as he thought, secured the garrison, retired from his post.——To quit the metaphor,——I had an opportunity of making a decent retreat, without danger, about four in the morning.

NOTHING

“**A** *BOUT* four in the morning ! says the ill-natured reader.—
 “ What then were you doing till that hour—with an
 “ opera-dancer, a *fille de joye* ? ” To which I answer literally,
Nothing. “ No !—Mr. Yorick, this imposition is too gross to
 “ pass upon us even from the pulpit. What did you do with
 “ the *gands d’amour*—invented to avoid infection ? Did not
 “ Mademoiselle La Cour resume her application to try them on,
 “ and make them fit close ?—If so, what was the event ? ”—
 Once more I reply—*Nothing* !

How hard is it, my dear Eugenius, to be pressed to divulge
 an imaginary truth, or rather a falsity ? If I were to be in-
 terrogated these ten years—I could add nothing to the
 reply,—but *nothing* !—*nothing* !—*nothing* !

“ Poor Mademoiselle La Cour ! says the satirist ;—you
 “ had reason then to wish Monsieur Yorick had been *retroussé*
 “ *à mousquetaire*.” But, Mr. Critic, this is *nothing, nothing*
 at all to the purpose—“ No more is this chapter,” says
 the *Snarler*.

Why then, here is an end of it.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING

TURNING the corner of the *Rue La Harpe*, upon my
 retreat from Madame La Cour, the morning beginning
 to dawn, I heard a voice from a *fiacre*, crying *bist, bist, bist*.
 This to a theatrical performer, or a dramatic writer, would,
 perhaps, have been a very grating sound ; indeed, were he
 inclined to superstition, he might have considered it as a
 foreboder of future d——na——n ; but as I never exhibited

upon the stage, or ever wrote a comedy, tragedy, or farce, the sounds were not so very dissonant to my ears as they otherwise might have been.

Turning about, I perceived my temporary Abbé popping his head out of the *fiacre* window, and beckoning to me, "Heaven! said I, what can this mean?—He is taken up "by the *Marechaussée*, or the *Chasseurs*, and is conducting to "the *Chatelet* or *Bicêtre*."——Not so: his honest landlord having given him intelligence that these gentry were in search of him, and advised him to make a retreat early in the morning, to avoid the consequences, he was setting out for Flanders, to get beyond the jurisdiction of their power.

I was both happy and miserable on the occasion.—I was wretched to think this unfortunate young man was thus harassed for an event which he would have used his utmost endeavours to have prevented:—but I was also pleased to think he would in some hours be beyond the frontiers of France, and out of the reach of her miscalled justice.

In taking my leave of him, after a very tender scene, I could not help hinting to him, that so precipitate a departure and so long a journey, might exhaust his finances sooner than he expected; and that as money was the sinew of every thing which was vigorous, if he would borrow my purse, I would call upon him, in my return to England, and, if convenient to him, then accept of a reimbursement.

Had I gone through Flanders, the cupidity of a recovery of the kind would the least have engaged my attention.

He replied, he had a sufficient sum to carry him to Nieuport, and from thence he would write to his friends.

Oh! Eugenius, thou knowest my feelings upon this occasion.

I did not dare press him, for fear of offending a delicacy I myself was too susceptible of.—I retired with a flood of tears, as involuntary as they were sincere.

THE CONSUMMATION

MY ideas were too scattered and eccentric to be composed in sleep—I took a *fiacre*, and drove all round Paris. It is strange that passions, which are the gales of life, and under a certain subordination, the only incentives to action, should at the same time create all our misery, all our misfortunes. I could not refrain repeating with Pope,

Why charge mankind on Heav'n their own offence,
And call their woes, the crimes of Providence?
Blind, who themselves their miseries create,
And perish by their folly, not their fate.

Just as I had uttered these lines (which by-the-by would have been more sonorous, and of course more affecting, in their original Greek, and in the words of my old friend Homer), I perceived an inscription over a door, which a good deal puzzled me.

L'ON FAIT NÔCES ICI

Whilst I was gazing at this uncommon information, my ears were regaled with some very pleasing music, which was playing to a set of convivial friends at a dance. I ordered the *fiacre* to stop, and inquired whether I might not *faire nôtces ici*.

I cannot help remarking in this place, that a *coachman* and his *coach* are looked upon in Paris to be so equally inanimate, that it is the same expence to draw upon and run through the

one, as the other: and also, that the performance of the *nuptial rites*, though much boasted of by every married and unmarried man in Paris, prevails more upon the outside of the walls, than withinside of the houses.

L'ON FAIT NÔCES ICI

“*J'en suis bien aise*, said I; it suits the gloomy habit of my “soul, and love alone can remove it.”

When the *Cocher* had brought the master of the house to the door, and informed him that an English gentleman proposed to *faire nêces*,—the question he put was, how many *soupes*, how many *tourtes*, how many *fricassées*, and how much *music*?

To which I replied, None.

Monsieur l' Hôte shrugged up his shoulders, and said, “*Pauvre monsieur Anglois, il est gris.*”

THE TRAITEUR

ALTHOUGH the price of running through a *cocher* or a *fiacre* (either animate or inanimate) is stipulated to a *liard*, the putting to death a *traiteur* is a very serious affair, and might be attended with very serious consequences. The *etiquette* and *punctilio* of killing a man in France, form a science of themselves, and are as useful a kind of knowledge as quadrille or picquet. Having made some short study of these matters, I judged it prudent only to *diable*, *peste*, and *f*—e a little, and bid the coachman drive home to my lodgings.

LA FILLE DE JOYE

SCARCE had I entered into *La Rue St. Jaques*, before I perceived a party of the *Guët* hurrying a young woman into a coach, whilst she was weeping with great bitterness, and imploring their mercy. — Mercy! thou divine attribute, estranged from the brutal breasts of such violators of humanity!

As my coach passed, she gave a look towards me, that pierced me to the heart.—I ordered my coachman to turn and follow the vehicle in which was the fair prisoner.

It being now near seven in the morning, they conducted her directly to the *Commissaire*. When they stopt, my heart panted with secret joy, on finding the house belonged to Monsieur de L——, my intimate acquaintance. On alighting, and giving in my name, I was told he was not yet up. The young woman was conducted into a kind of office, whilst I was ushered into the closet of the *Commissaire*, which commanded a view of the office.

After an uncommon flood of tears, she wiped her face with her handkerchief; when I presently discovered the features (though much blotted with crying) of my pretty little *fille de chambre* whom I first met with her *égarements de cœur*. “Heavens! said I, is this possible! Do not my eyes deceive me? No—it is she—My sympathetic heart involuntarily led me to her assistance, and if Mr. De L—— hath the least susceptibility of sentiment in his, this unfortunate young woman will not fall a sacrifice to——”

Just as I had come to this resolution, the *Commissaire* entered; and after many compliments and some professions of friendship, I seized upon the opportunity of telling him, he had it now

in his power to convince me of the sincerity of his affections. He required an explanation, and I gave him one.

To this, he replied, "It would be impossible to afford the young woman any relief till he had heard the allegations against her; but that if there was a possibility of mitigating her punishment, without losing sight of justice, he would certainly do it to oblige me."

She was examined; and though I could perceive she gathered some confidence from my presence, there was so much innocence and unaffected simplicity in her countenance, that methought the *Commissaire* seemed somewhat prepossessed in her favour.

The *Guët* alleged against her, that there had been a riot at her lodgings, and that the neighbourhood had been disturbed. She acknowledged there had been some disturbance, but said it was owing to her not admitting some troublesome visitors who had come to pay their compliments to a lady, who had before her those lodgings. The air of truth with which she delivered this, made the *Commissaire* immediately commence her advocate, and he told the leader of the *Guët*, "he was liable to be punished, for forcing the lady out of her apartments upon such a pretence; that the most virtuous women in Paris were liable to the same inconvenience from troublesome visitors; and that if they could not prove her to be a woman of disorderly conduct in any other respect, they might think the lady very merciful if she forgave them, upon their asking her pardon."

This they readily consented to, and they retired, leaving the *Commissaire*, their late prisoner, and myself.

When they were gone, the *Commissaire* told me, that "notwithstanding the step he had taken in her favour, he was

“very sensible she was a *fille de joye*, her name being down upon his list ; but that, as she was a young practitioner, and the *Guét* were as yet ignorant of her profession, at the entreaty of Mr. Yorick, he had released her ; but strongly recommended her to avoid coming before him, upon that or any other occasion.”

I was greatly surprised to find she was actually upon the *Commissaire's* list, and my curiosity was much excited to know her story. We retired after paying Mr. De L—— all the compliments to which he was so justly intitled for his polite behaviour, and I accompanied her back to her lodgings.

THE STORY

AFTER she had returned me repeated thanks for my kind intercession, I intreated her to inform me by what accident she had come into that situation of life in which, according to the *Commissaire*, she now unfortunately acted. A flood of tears prevented her immediate reply ; but when she had recovered herself, she gave me the following account.

“The day after the visit I paid you at your Hôtel, I was sent by Madame R——, my mistress, to present her compliments to you, and desire to know when you proposed waiting on her with the letter you were entrusted with for her from Amiens, being surprised you had not yet transmitted it to her ; when I was informed you had set out for the South of France, and it was uncertain when you would return. Having carried back this information to my mistress, she flew into a violent passion for having omitted bringing it with me the day before, when I was purposely sent for it, but then, by some unaccountable accident, we both forgot it. She hinted, that she imagined something had passed between us

of a very singular nature ; and went as far as to say, it was no wonder we had not thought of her or the letter, when we were so differently engaged. Such an accusation, *innocent as I was*, greatly nettled me ; and I believe I made her some answer, which so much disgusted her as to order me immediately to quit her service. This sudden discharge greatly confused me ; and as I had no relation in Paris, I applied to a milliner who used to serve Madame R——, to recommend me to a lodging till I could get a place. She perceived my anxiety, and told me to make myself quite easy, as she at that time wanted a work woman, and we should not disagree about terms. Accordingly I carried my clothes to her house, and from this instant was considered as one of the family.

“My province was, in the forenoon to carry home the goods. As she worked chiefly for gentlemen, and particularly foreigners, she always cautioned me to dress myself to the best advantage upon these occasions, as she said the men always paid the most generously when they met with a *tidy* milliner. She also recommended me to be very complaisant, and never to contradict them ; “And, continued she, I do “not know a more comely *fille* in all the *Rue St. Honoré*, or “any that is more likely to make her fortune, if she minds her “hints. For, added she, there are but three female possessions “in Paris, which promise promotion : These are opera dancers, “pretty bar-keepers *aux caffés*, and milliners ; but we have “the advantage, being considered as the most modest, and “the least exposed in public.”

“Though I was not possessed of any great portion of vanity, I could not help being pleased to find my mistress thought I had some claim to make my fortune ; and as I had been a *fille de chambre* near four years without one tolerable offer being made me, except it was from a *maître perruquier*, in *Rue*

Guenigaud, I began to think, that the loss of Madame R——'s place might turn out a benefit to me."

I could not help interrupting her in this place, to enquire whether the *maître perruquier* had proposed honourable terms; and if so, whether it was pride, or personal distaste to him, which had made her refuse his offer.

To this she very ingenuously replied, "That the terms he offered were nothing less than marriage; that he was considered as a man of opulence, and she thought him a very good match; that as to person, he was remarkably handsome, having been *valet de chambre* to *La Duchesse de L——*, and obliged to quit that lady's service, on account of a discovery made by *Monsieur le Duc*, who had been for some time before jealous of him; but that, upon his dismissal, his good lady, as an acknowledgment of past services, had given him a sum of money to set him up as a master *perruquier*."

When she had got thus far in her narration, she was interrupted by an accident, equally awful, alarming, and tremendous.

THE CONFLAGRATION

OF all the temporary misfortunes, calamities, and accidents of civil life, the greatest is that of sudden fire.——Its effects are so rapid and astonishing, that they not only frequently deprive an alarmed neighbourhood of all their property, and reduce them to a state of beggary, but often dispossess them of their reason, at least for the time, and render them incapable of affording themselves that assistance which they might otherwise have obtained.

At this instant all these horrors presented themselves to our view:—the whole range of houses opposite to us seemed entirely

surrounded by flames. Outcries, shrieks, confusion and tumult, at once assailed our ears.

Oh ! Eugenius, what would have been the emotions of your sympathetic heart upon this occasion?—Might I judge by those of mine, they would have been too pungent for reason and philosophy to temper with prudence. I rushed into the midst of the populace, and was giving all the assistance that my feeble frame could permit—exerted far beyond its natural strength—when perceiving at a two-pair-of-stairs a female almost naked, just risen from bed, rending her hair, tearing her beautiful tresses, and imploring the clemency of heaven,—I flew to her assistance, and, though the floor on which she lodged had already taken fire, brought her off without hurt. I conveyed her to the apartment from whence I issued, and there procured not only warm wine, and other restoratives, but also clothes to cover her; for at that time I conducted her thither, she had no other apparel than her shift. Her distresses had, however, made so strong an impression on her, that shame, which at another time, under such circumstances, would have overwhelmed her with blushes, crimsoned not her cheek, but left the lily to prevail with the utmost force of its pallid hue :—Alas ! too powerfully ;—nature sunk beneath the oppression of calamity.—I ran for some drops, and, by a speedy application, restored her to life, and to herself.

“ Where am I?—Surely in another world.—All things round me are strange.—Are you inhabitants of the earth—or spirits of departed souls?—or has it all been a dream, and am I still in a *reverie*?—No—this surely is a room—that is a bed—this is a chair—and that a table : these too are clothes,—very different from any I ever wore. All around seem in equal consternation.—Tell me, I beseech you, sir, as you appear in a human form, who are you, what are you, and where am I ? ”

Having said this, she fell again into a swoon ; and this

relapse seemed more dangerous than her first attack. I could have gazed for ever upon her angelic countenance, which indeed resembled the picture of a heavenly resident, and seemed then with a most benignant smile to be taking a flight to the mansions of her celestial abode. But this was no time for such divine meditations ; her earthly part still required our assistance.

After having again somewhat recovered her, I thought it advisable to have her put to bed, and recommended to my female friend to take the greatest care of her. This she promised, and I found afterwards, most religiously fulfilled ; having taken my leave for the present, to endeavour at giving some further assistance to the unhappy sufferers at the conflagration.

THE CASQUET

FROM an upper window I was called to, and desired to hold my hat, in which I presently found a small casquet ; when I retired, in order to return it to the proprietor after the confusion occasioned by the present calamity was over. I carefully conveyed it to my apartment ; and on opening it, found it to contain some very valuable jewels, with a picture that made a deep impression on my heart.——It was the miniature of that divine creature whom I had met with at Calais, and whom I had proposed meeting at Brussels.—“Heavens ! said I, by what accident came this picture here ?—Surely that charming woman is not now perishing in the flames ! Forbid it, Justice ! Forbid it, Love !”

I had resolved upon retiring to rest after so many fatigues : ——and had already thrown off my coat, and put on my night-cap, before I had made this discovery : but I instantly quitted my apartment to fly to the spot where I had received the casquet, in order to obtain some intelligence of the proprietor,

and, if possible, by what uncommon chance the portrait of this lady was in it.

The fire was by this time compleatly extinguished ; but the agitations of my mind were still as great as ever.—If the original hath perished—Perish that thought!—Distraction! Oh! Eugenius, I flew, I ran, I knew not whither.

RUE TIREBOUDIN

MISTAKING my way, in my great confusion, instead of finding myself in the *Rue St. Jaques*, I found myself in the *Rue Tireboudin*.——“What a name!” said I——“It had a much worse, Sir, said my informer, before a great lady, riding through in her coach, and asking the name of it, was told; which so shocked her delicacy, that from that period it has bore this comparatively decent one.”——“*Draw your pudding*, might, in England, savour of a proper attention to baking and a Sunday’s desert——Oh, the roast beef of Old England!—but in a country where no puddings are either made, baked, or eaten, it seems absurd.”——“Yes, Sir, but *Tire V***t* was a great deal more shocking; and that was its primitive name.”

THE UNSUCCESSFUL INQUIRY

AT length I reached the spot where the calamity had happened. Amidst the general confusion that still prevailed, I inquired if any lodger had lost a casquet of jewels;—adding, that upon giving a proper description of them, they should be restored. But no person would claim them. I then inquired if a lady resembling the picture I had in my hand, was any where to be found; but this research was as ineffectual as the former. No such lady was known in the neighbourhood.

I could not point out the house from the window of which they were thrown, for the walls were all levelled, and it was impossible to discriminate one house from another.

In this perplexity I went to my acquaintance Mademoiselle Laborde (for that was the name of my female acquaintance whom I have hitherto distinguished only by being a *fille de chambre* to Madam R——). I acquainted her with the accident, and my distress at not being able to discover the proprietor of the casquet, and the situation of the dear original of the miniature.

But how great was my astonishment, on being informed that the lady whom I had conveyed to Mademoiselle Laborde's lodging had, as soon as she recovered from her terror and astonishment, expressed the greatest concern at the loss of a similar casquet.

THE DEFINITION

I WAS ruminating upon the absurdity of the name of that street which formerly bore a still more absurd appellation, whilst I unfolded half a dozen pair of silk stockings, which I had just purchased, and which were wrapt up in an old manuscript that seemed of very ancient date. It was written in old French, and upon a piece of paper that required some reparations to make it legible. I had at first conceived the thought of transcribing it; but recollecting it would cost me little more trouble to translate it, I set about it, and produced the following English translation.

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT

“JEAN François de Vancourt of Franche Comtè, by his marriage-articles with Marie Louise Anne de Roche-coton, of Champagne, doth agree, that considering the dis-

“ parity of their years, he being now in his eighty-third, and she
 “ in her sixteenth, and also the warmth of her constitution, and
 “ the amorousness of her complexion, to allow unto the Vicar of
 “ the said parish all the rights of *cuisage* and *jambage*, in their full
 “ extent, agreeable to the just claims of the holy church ; and
 “ moreover, doth permit him to continue the same, in his absence,
 “ during the natural life of him the said Jean François de
 “ Vancourt. Provided, nevertheless, that the said Vicar, upon
 “ the return of the said Jean François should, after the said
 “ Jean François had pronounced in an audible voice at the door
 “ of the bedchamber, *Tire V——t*, three times, withdraw him-
 “ self therefrom, and leave the said Jean François in the full
 “ possession of Marie Louise Anne, his said wife, anything not-
 “ withstanding to the contrary that may herein be contained.

“ ——Provided always on the *part* of the said Marie Louise
 “ Anne, that she hath a negative voice in favour of the Curate,
 “ when the said Vicar shall be above the age of thirty-five, or
 “ otherwise in her opinion disqualified for the rites of *cuisage* and
 “ *jambage*, in their full extent ; he the said Curate, in case of
 “ such election on her part, submitting to the same proviso, in
 “ favour of the said Jean François, upon his pronouncing in an
 “ audible voice, at the said chamber-door, *Tire V——t* three
 “ times.”

Having translated thus much of this Fragment, I shall leave
 the reader to make his own sentimental reflections, after ob-
 serving, that the good queen who ordered the name to be
 changed, seemed to display more knowledge than delicacy :——
 but it must be observed in her favour, that according to the
 Salique law, a queen of France never wields the sceptre in her
 widowhood, and is therefore glad of every opportunity of dis-
 playing her authority during the life of her husband.

If this be not a sufficient apology for a queen, let any lady of

any quality or fashion, from a duchess down to a milk-maid, take both names (without the *Tire*) and make the most of them.

AN ANECDOTE

WHEN Mr. G—— made his first trip to Paris, he had not studied so much of the rudiments of the French language, as always to be critically grammatical in his genders: he would confound them together, and blend the masculine and the feminine in the most heterogeneous manner.

He was recounting to a lady at Versailles, remarkable for the smartness of her repartee, even at the expence of decency, the impositions he had met with upon the road from Calais, on account of his being an Englishman, and not speaking the language with the strictest propriety: and he particularized having paid a postillion twice, who asked him even a third time for the money. “*Est-il possible?*” said she. “*Oui, Madam, j’avois dechargé deux fois, sur mon vie.*——” “*Beaucoup mieux*, replied she, “*que sur mon Con—te.*” The division of the last word had the desired effect, and raised such a laugh in the gallery, that the king could not refrain asking what they tittered at, as he passed along.

THE DENOUEMENT

THE reader, I believe, was not apprized, that Mademoiselle Laborde informed me, the lady whom I had saved from perishing, and had conducted to the apartments of Mademoiselle, was withdrawn from thence, and conveyed by her friends to another lodging, which had been provided for her; whereby I was frustrated in my hopes of obtaining an éclaircissement from that quarter, concerning the picture and the jewels.

Having discovered the lodging to which the frightened lady was carried, I was now flattered with the pleasing intelligence concerning the fair original.

The reader may perhaps fancy that he has anticipated the unravelling of this story, by pronouncing the lady, whom I was instrumental in assisting, the identical original herself. But to prevent any such erroneous conclusions, I shall here inform him, that any such anticipation is a groundless mistake. Tho' there was a general resemblance in their features, their height and shape were very different.

I waited upon her with the casquet, at the sight of which she expressed great satisfaction; and after having more gratefully than politely thanked me for the care I had taken of her, by which I had probably prevented her perishing in the flames, she informed me that the picture was her sister's, whose husband was expected at Paris in a few days; and that he had sent his clothes, with these jewels, and a great quantity of plate, consigned to her care, until his arrival; but that unfortunately they must all be lost, except the jewels I had preserved, as she had not yet received any tidings of them, nor of her own clothes and furniture.

I condoled with her upon the occasion, whilst I expressed my satisfaction at having been instrumental in saving two such valuable objects — herself, and the portrait of her amiable sister.

I then told her, I believed I had had the honour of seeing her sister at Calais, and that from the conversation which passed between us, I had reason to believe she was not then in the married state. To which the lady replied, "That she had not been married above six weeks, and that her husband was coming to Paris to compromise a suit which had

been subsisting between his relations, and his present wife's; this marriage having brought about a general reconciliation of the parties."

This information, I acknowledge, greatly mortified me, and I could almost have wished that the litigation had still subsisted between the parties, and she had still been single—But a moment's reflection told me, the wish was uncharitable, unworthy a sentimental breast.—Far distant then be it from my heart to desire the continuation of another's misfortunes, even for my own satisfaction! Oh! the Remise door!—Heigh-ho!—I could not banish the thought; and finding a gloominess seize on the conversation, I retired somewhat precipitately.

THE SEQUEL

WHERE can a disturbed bosom find repose, when agitated by the tender passion? A forsaken swain hath but one solace,——another nymph more kind. My footsteps seemed by instinct to carry me to Mademoiselle Laborde's. I found her alone, and in tears. "Alas! said I, why should "Nature, in her fickle moods, thus make the very centre of "gaiety and pastime the scene of misery!——How contradictory!——how paradoxical!—But why impute it to "Nature? she cannot err."

"Mademoiselle (said I, after this reverie), it were perhaps "an unwelcome office, to request the favour of the continuation "of your story, which was so unexpectedly interrupted by "the melancholy accident during my late visit."

"Indeed, said she, Sir, it will indulge my melancholy, which "alone I could not sufficiently gratify, with the strongest retrospect of my past misfortunes; but now I am happy in having "this opportunity of giving vent to my affliction.

“My first excursion from the shop was to wait upon an Italian count, supposed to be as generous as he was magnificent. His valet de chambre was rubbing his eyes between eleven and twelve, after waiting for his master’s return to bed, not having been home all night. The count came to the door, whilst I was conferring with his man, who informing him I had brought him some ruffles, I was desired to walk up stairs. Innocent then of the design of such a customer, I readily consented. The count just glanced his eye upon the ruffles, when chucking me under the chin with one hand, he thrust his other into my bosom: this behaviour I thought so great an insult, that in my passion I gave him a slap of the face. “Oh miss, said he, if you give yourself airs, I shall teach you better manners.”—He rang the bell, and his valet de chambre appeared.—“Now, miss, added he, take your choice—fair means or foul.”—I fell upon my knees, and implored mercy:—but he was inexorable to all my entreaties. The ruffian valet held me, whilst he ————Oh spare me the blush of recollection !”———

“That I will, my little unfortunate ! What a villain !——
“To perpetrate a deed by violence, which, perhaps, by solicitation he might have obtained with your consent !”

“Oh no, Sir, said she, weeping—I never would have consented——”

“That indeed alters the case——But then his generosity——
“what recompense did he make you ?”

“Why, I was just going to mention——From the character my mistress had given, I imagined he could not possibly have presented me with less than a hundred louis d’ors, considering the difficulty he had, and the opposition I made. ——I dare say an English nobleman would have thought it very trifling.”——

“Very trifling, I can assure you ; I have known an English nobleman pay fifty times the sum for such an affair, without having committed half so good a rape as was committed upon you.”

“Why, look ye there, so I thought ;——and considering what was past could not be recalled, I thought I might as well accept the wages of——”

“Of iniquity.——”

“Yes, iniquity, I think you call it, as go without them.”

“Every whit——quite orthodox reasoning.”

“So I waited and sobbed—and cried, and waited—expecting every moment a handsome recompence for such an insult — when at length he asked me, if I was a maid.”——

“What an insult after such an attack !——But what did you reply ?”

“I told him I might have had some little *égarements de cœur*, but I never had been guilty of such a crime before.”

“The guilt lay on his side, according to the opinion of all the casuists in the world.”

“There was much to be said on both sides, but this I kept to myself.”

“But the recompence ?”

“He ordered me to call to-morrow, when he should pay

“me for what ruffles he had occasion for—and would make me a present.”

“Did you call?”

“Yes, punctually.”

“Was you not afraid?”——

“No—I thought he could not use me worse than he had done:—but in this I was mistaken:—for he had decamped the night before, with his valet de chambre, and in the hurry had forgot to pay his lodging.”

“Amazing!”

“Not at all:—he was a gamester; and the morning I saw him, he had lost his last louis d’or at the Academy.”

THE ACADEMY

“THE Academy! What, in the name of Wonder, Astonishment, and Learning, do they allow in the seminaries of science, in such a polished nation, and such a well regulated metropolis as Paris, where scarce an obvious vice goes unpunished; I say, do they allow of gaming to a degree that can ruin a man?”

“*Je ne vous entends pas!*”

“I do not understand you,” said Miss Laborde.

“*Ni moi non plus, ce que vous voulez dire.*”

“Nor I what you mean.”

“Did you not say, the Count had lost his money at the Academy?”

“Well, and what astonishment can arise from that? Are not immense sums lost there every night?”

“And are the Police acquainted with it?”

“It is under their immediate protection.”

“Impossible!”

“Nothing more certain.”

“And what say the professors?”

“The professed gamesters are very well pleased with it: —sometimes a run of ill luck may break them, when they meet with one as knowing as themselves; but this is such a phenomenon, that the Count’s precipitate departure astonished all Paris.”

“Pray explain to me the nature of this Academy; for I believe, after all, we are in a state of some misunderstanding concerning it.—By an Academy, I should comprehend the seat of the Muses, the garden of Science, and the vineyard of Learning.”

“No, it is neither a seat, a garden, nor a vineyard, but a gaming-house licensed by the magistrates, where gamblers may cheat with impunity, if they can do it with dexterity, and where the credulous and unwary may be ruined, without remedy or relief.”

“What a prostitution of names!”

“Not at all: *C'est l'Academie des Grecs.* — It is the
“Academy of Sharpers.”

“If cheating be a privileged science, I acknowledge the
“title very proper:—but as it is one of the occult sciences
“which I shall never study, I beg we may leave this seminary
“that you may pursue your narration.”

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

YORICK'S
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
CONTINUED

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND
WRITINGS

OF
MR. STERNE

BY EUGENIUS

VOLUME II

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1902

YORICK'S

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED

THE NARRATION

“WHEN my mistress found the Count had defrauded her of the ruffles, she flew into a violent passion upon all exotic noblemen, except the English, whom she allowed to be generous, honest, and just. “Well, said she, you shall to-morrow morning wait upon Lord Spindle; he pays like a prince.” A flood of tears prevented my answer for the present; but when I recovered myself I told her I saw my doom; that I had already been ravished.

“*J'n suis ravie,*” said she.

“But for nothing,” said I.

“*C'est dommage.*”

“And perhaps I shall never recover my character again, as long as I live.”

“At this she fell into a violent laugh, and told me, a woman's character was always well established in proportion to the number of conquests she had made, and the number of gallants she had duped; that for her part, she had considered the whole

male sex as her prey, and their fortunes as her property ; and that if some of them had slipt through her hands, she had made sufficient amends to herself by those who had fallen into her power ; that in these matters we were to take the good with the bad, as in all affairs of commerce : and though the Count had broke in my debt, she did not doubt but Lord Spindle would make me ample amends for my loss, as the circumstance of the Rape was quite in my favour."

" Est il possible qu'on puisse être ravie si avantageusement ? "

" Oui, sans doute, il y a des coups à faire dans toutes occasions. "

CANTHARIDES

THIS was a doctrine I could not comprehend. It was a new-fangled logic, that seemed repugnant to common-sense.

" I see, continued she, you do not understand me ; but if you will step into my dressing-room, while I put on a little *rouge*, I will explain the mystery.

" You must know, said she, as we were going upstairs, that Lord Spindle has for some time taken Cantharides ; and that they have now lost all their effect. Now, said she, if you had not been previously ravished—" opening the door of

THE DRESSING-ROOM

" I SAY, if this rape had not taken place, what would have been the consequence ?—Probably you would still have been in a vestal state—I only say, *probably*, because I would

“not desire to pry into any young woman’s secrets ; and then, considering that Lord Spindle is entirely emaciated, he could not possibly have taken so much pains as a virgin’s coyness would have required ; no, nor—” [here she was interrupted by the entrance of the maid, to whom this part of her dress was an impenetrable secret]—“but as it has so luckily happened, your fortune will in all likelihood be made, if he does not die before he has——” [another interruption] “made you a handsome settlement.”

“An *intail*, said I, you certainly meant.”

“Doubtless.”

“*Voilà des coups certainement.*”

“*Oui*, said she, *certainement.*”

DOWN AGAIN

THESE secrets being thus communicated in private, and the *rouge*, with a little *blanc* (but that is a greater secret than all the rest, which I should not have divulged), duly administered, we returned into the parlour.

The ups and downs of life, she told me, as we descended, were so numerous in our profession, that a woman of sense should always pay the greatest attention to them : but that she was in hopes, if I succeeded with Lord Spindle, my fortune would be made with very few of them.

THE BON MOT

A FRENCH-WOMAN, let her be of what rank she may, never omits any opportunity of saying a *double entendre*; and as the occasion was so very favourable, it was not in

the least surprising, that this lady should thus display her genius.

A *Bon Mot* is literally a *good word*; with us it is a *good thing*; and, to say the truth, a good word and a good thing, often with the French ladies, centre in the same point. This is no quaint conceit.—I have known a *Figurante*, at the *Opera Comique*, make four conquests with only *mon ****—Here she lost a star, it is true, by the language; but four stars were the object, as they were every one chevaliers of the Holy Ghost.

I could expatiate a whole volume away on the shame attending knights of such an order being the knights-errant of a figure-dancer, as arrant a * * * * as ever wore a petticoat.

But I scorn to be invidious against Knights—even of the Post—or the Ladies, let their profession be what it will.

“The ladies are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Yorick; but “what have you done with Lord Spindle?”——

“Oh! here he comes *in propria personá*.”

LORD SPINDLE

WHO knew not Lord Spindle? But if the reader should be so ignorant, I will give a short, very short history of him.

His Lordship was descended from an ancient family in the North of England, who possessed a very ample fortune. His uncle dying without heirs whilst he was a minor, he succeeded to the title and estate, upon attaining the age of twenty-one.

He had been previously his own master three years, having no one to controul him but a Tutor, who accompanied him in his travels in the tour of Europe ; but who, instead of curbing any vicious or irregular inclinations in his pupil, constantly promoted them, as he had thereby an opportunity of indulging his own natural turn for debauchery ; and moreover, found his account in the encouragement of these irregularities, not only by sharing the profits of all the extravagant charges of the tradespeople he employed, but by actually dividing the spoils with his Lordship's mistresses.

Such a culture could not fail of producing all the fruits of licentiousness and debauchery. When his Lordship came of age, he found he had already run upwards of an hundred thousand pounds in debt ; and the first step he was obliged to take, was to mortgage his estate for the like sum.

His Tutor, who by this time was transformed into his bottle-companion, and nominal as well as real pander, advised him to marry, and thereby repair the injury he had done to his fortune. An opportunity soon offered : A city heiress was to be disposed of, and bartered for a title and a noble connection. A drysalter's daughter, with two hundred thousand pounds, had charms sufficient for Lord Spindle. The treaty was made, the match settled and the consummation took place in less than three months.

His Lordship had soon after reason to find, that all the injury he had done by his debaucheries was not confined to his fortune, but that his constitution had more than proportionably been impaired. In a word, his physicians advised him to take a journey to Montpellier, as the only means left of recovery.

Dare we pretend to inquire how it fared with Lady Spindle ? She returned home to her father, two hundred thousand pounds

worse in pocket, and almost as many millions in constitution. A divorce soon after took place,—and his Lordship recovered;—but not without some incisions and amputations, which made him all his life curse Italian concubines.

His *honest* tutor still attended him, and consoled him with all the rhetoric he was master of. He had adopted the system of predestination, though he had never taught it before, finding it the best suited to his present doctrine. He told his Lordship, that every man was born to have a certain number of p——s, as every woman was to have a certain number of children; and that therefore, the sooner they got them over the better.

Lord Spindle could not be accused of any great depth of understanding, or any great shrewdness in discovering the wrong or the right side of an argument.—A little sophistry passed upon him for profound Logic; and when he heard it dogmatically pronounced from his tutor, he could not pretend to dispute the justness of the premises; so that the following syllogism made his Lordship resume all his debaucheries, as far as he was able, in their greatest latitude.

Major. Every man is born to catch a certain number of p——s:

Minor. Your Lordship has had more than any man of your years:

Ergo. You have the fewer to come in.

When a man sins with reason on his side, how sweet are the peccadilloes! His Lordship hardly wanted so much sophistry to urge him to the charge; but he stood in need of many provocatives to enable him to be as wicked as he desired.

Pedagogus (for so I shall call this pander tutor) had skimmed the surface of most sciences; and having in his youth been

almost as abandoned as his late pupil and present master, had dipped into physic, at least that part of it which may be called *Veneral*. He had learned how to promote as well as cure all the diseases which attend the votaries of the Cyprian goddess:—he had formerly, and perhaps did still administer the first to himself;—he now at least administered them to his Lordship.

THE COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN AND THE TURTLE

THE Sensualist does not often consider, how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health; and an alderman who swallows three pounds of callipash and callipee, seldom attends to the fatal effects of six ounces of Cayenne pepper, which are administered in the dose. The nostrum, it is true, once saved a Common-council-man from being a cuckold, and therefore is not without its virtues.

Mr. Skate had been married ten years;—he was a man of the world—understood commerce—and upon 'Change was by every one stiled a *good man*. Mrs. Skate here differed in opinion. She had brought him five thousand pounds (which indeed he had improved to thirty thousand), and she judged herself entitled to some attention. Mr. Skate, being a money-getting man, frequently attended clubs, went to bed late, and rose early.—“Less money, and more love,” was her constant expression. “Stay, my dear, till I make it a *plum*; then I will retire, and shall have nothing to do but love you.”—“Ay but, she would say, then you will be too old; and what signify riches, or anything else, if one can't enjoy it?” This was good logic, almost as good as Pedagogus's, for a Common-council-man's wife.

Things were going on at this rate, and every vocation and avo-

cation constantly attended to, and punctually fulfilled by Mr. Skate—except one——when Mrs. Skate, after consulting the doctor, respecting some doubts concerning adultery, had made an appointment with him for the next morning at ten, whilst Mr. Skate was at the Custom-house, to convince the doctor that he had convinced her. But luckily for Mr. Skate's honour, and more luckily for Mrs. Skate's virtue, he assisted that day at a turtle-feast at the King's Arms.

THE CONSEQUENCE

I HAVE set apart a chapter for this very great Consequence, as it is of the utmost importance to the Common-councilmen of every ward within the walls, not forgetting Portsoken and Candlewick, who has a wife troubled with scruples of conscience, without being a Methodist. In that case, they are so speedily removed, there is not the least danger.

“Mr. Skate assisted at a turtle-feast at the King's Arms.”

That is my text, and I doubt not but the discourse will prove equally moral and practical.

“It is well known, my worthy brethren, that turtle is very salacious food, and when heightened, improved, or strengthened, which you please, by Cayenne pepper and strong sauces, may warm and invigorate the coldest constitution. When it is also considered, gentlemen of the Common-council, how few of you are enemies to a glass (or two or three) of generous wine, and how much food of such a heating nature, promotes the circulation of the bottle, it is not at all astonishing, that every convivial assistant should go home cherry-merry, after having been a guest at such a repast.

“This was precisely the case with Mr. Skate:——he had

forgot that Bank-stock had rose one eight that day, and he had sold out a thousand the day before : he had forgot the private intelligence he had received from the waiter at Lloyd's, of which he was to make his advantage before it had got into the papers : he had even forgot the report of a ship being lost—upon which he had underwrote fifteen hundred. The turtle, the Cayenne pepper, and the generous wine, operated so strongly, that his heart was dilated, his spirits were exhilarated, and he thought of nothing but Mrs. Skate.

“Mrs. Skate, by two in the morning, began to repent of having made an appointment with the doctor.—“Would Mr. Skate had realized this *plum*, and I should consider adultery “in as heinous a light as ever !”

“Ten o'clock came and so did the doctor.—Lord, my “dear, you'll oversleep yourself :—do you know what's o'clock ? “—’tis ten, I vow !”

“With these sentiments he fell asleep—yet she dreamt of the doctor ;—she could think of nothing but his white hand—how soft !—and the neatness of his shirt-plaiting.”

“What care I ?—Fill about, Mr. Allspice, this is excellent “wine.”

“Good Heaven !—he is dreaming, he will certainly forget “himself.”

“What did you wake me for ?—I dreamt I was worth a “*plum*, and was as happy as a prince.”

“Mr. Skate got up, but did not dress ;—he turned again upon his side, and lay till noon.

“The doctor was affronted at the imposition he thought was

put upon him, and Mrs. Skate always entreats Mr. Skate not to miss a turtle-feast."

THE TUTOR

HAVING dispatched the Common-council-man, it is time I should attend to Pedagogus, or else, considering the dispositions and pursuits of him and my Lord, they may chance to slip through our fingers to the Elysian shades, before we have quite done with them.

I think we left him administering provocatives to his lordship, and from thence I derived the conclusion, That the sensualist seldom considers how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health.

It might be conjectured, that considering the easy luxurious life Pedagogus led, as the bottle companion of Lord Spindle, and as he was his sole dependence ; which might, indeed, have been mentioned before ; it was somewhat astonishing he should broach systems, espouse doctrines, and administer remedies, so very pernicious to his Lordship's tender fabric : To which I answer in *eleven* words.

"His lordship had bequeathed him three thousand pounds in
"his will."

I am the more particular in specifying the number of words contained in this bequest, as the greatest critics are very apt to overlook these niceties : and I have known even a Reviewer conclude, "*In a word,*" and add *a score*. Every part of criticism is worthy of the Scholiast's attention.

MISS LABORDE'S STORY CONCLUDED

“THE very same Lord Spindle, I can assure you”——“I thought I was right in my man ;—pray proceed.”

“I was introduced to his lordship by Mr. Pedagogus, who took me by the hand, and looking languishing at me, gave it a gentle squeeze, saying, “I do not know whether his lordship “will be able to see you to-day.—If he does not want any of “your merchandise, I will purchase anything you have got.”

“I said, I was sorry to hear his lordship was ill, and if I could not see him, I would call another time.

“No, my dear, said he, you may see him—all that’s left of “him ;—but as to anything else, I think it would be as cruel as “interring a fine blooming girl like yourself with an Egyptian “mummy, that had been dead half a dozen centuries, restored “to view by the resurrection of antiquarians.”

“His lordship now rang for chocolate, which he drank in bed ; and being informed that I was come to wait upon him, he ordered me in.——Pulling back the curtain, I saw a most ghastly figure, which seemed a better qualified lover for Queen Dido, than a Parisian milliner. He, nevertheless, said some civil things to me,—bought my whole band-box,—and said he would purchase myself, if he were capable. Whereupon he took his purse out of his breeches pocket, presented me with it, and then——

——I shall only add, I was as well qualified to keep in the vestal fire after leaving his Lordship, as I was upon entering his apartment.

“He desired me to call three days after—when he was dead. Pedagogus now made love in form, took this apartment

for me, and gave me a decent allowance, till within these ten days, when he was taken up on suspicion of poisoning Lord Spindle, and is now in the *Bicêtre*.

“After his provision ceased, I was obliged to have recourse to other means, which I need not explain, and which have intitled me to a place upon the Commissary’s list.”

A REFLECTION

THE reader, I doubt not, expected a very dull trite story, from the moment he heard of Miss Laborde’s whimpering. I hope he has been greatly disappointed; if not, he may take up the Pilgrim’s Progress, or any pathetic novel that has been published within these ten years, and make himself ample amends for the time he has lost in the perusal of these pages.

N.B. If he be a Tutor, I prescribe him an ounce of cantharides.

VENDREDI SAINT, OR GOOD-FRIDAY

THOUGH no man holds the ceremonies of religion in higher veneration than myself, and though I would not for a *mitre* ridicule the mysteries even of Popery in a Romish country; still there are some things so obviously ridiculous in its pageantry and exercise, that one must be almost a stone, not to raise a risible muscle at many of their officials. I have no objection to bowing or kneeling whilst the wafer passes in solemn procession, and have myself soiled a pair of new breeches sooner than (*faire scandale*) give scandal. I have no objection to the tinkling of the little bell, or their beating their breasts at the elevation of the host; and permit

the inhabitants of Paris to pay *un petit écu* each, to kneel and kiss a wooden cross *le Vendredi Saint* ; but I will not allow a professed *fille de joye* to consider it as inevitable damnation, beyond the power of all the orders of all the priests, the conclave of cardinals, and even the pope himself, to absolve her for eating the wing of a chicken on that day, and yet not refuse to exercise all the functions of her profession for six livres.

I paid Mademoiselle Laborde a visit on Good-Friday ; and being somewhat fatigued upon returning from Versailles, I desired her to send to the *Traiteur's* for a pullet and salad, as I could not reach my own apartments without some refreshment.

FROGS NEWLY CLASSÉD

“ **C**OMMENT, *Monsieur, mangez vous la viande le Vendredi Saint ?* ”

“ What, Sir, do you eat meat on Good-Friday ? ”

“ I should have no objection to fish, for that matter, if there were any good ; carp and tench I have been already surfeited with this Lent ; and as to your *morüe*, it can be equalled by nothing but the black broth of the ancients.”

“ *Mais il y a d'autres especes de poisson ; que pensez vous des anguilles et des grenouilles ?* ”

“ But there are other kinds of fish ; what think you of eels and frogs ? ”

“ Frogs ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Excuse me for laughing—This is the first time I ever heard them classed under the head of fish.”

“*Comment ! la grenouille c’est bien du poisson, et elle est permise.*”

“How!—Surely frogs are very good fish, and they are allowed.”

“They may be allowed; but in this case I should think the penance very rigid, if I were compelled to eat them, though you were to call them wild-fowl.—A frog-feast, to an Englishman, is a very severe fast.”

THE CASE OF RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES

THE *Traiteur* was sent for; but he informed me, he could not possibly serve the table with flesh to-day, unless I had a certificate under a physican’s hand that I was ill.

“Look in my face!—Is not my countenance a sufficient certificate?—Besides, here is a recipe I had yesterday from a doctor of the Sorbonne.”

The *Traiteur* did not understand Latin, but was convinced it was right, by being so very unintelligible.

The dinner was served; Mademoiselle, however, would not touch a bit. She expected a visit from her Confessor that afternoon, to prepare her for her Easter; and he would certainly deny her absolution, in case she should break her Lent upon so important a day.

“Pray, Miss, do you reveal everything to your confessor?”

“Everything, Sir.”

“And what would he say, if a good customer were to drop in?—You would not refuse him?”

“*Non certainement ;—c’est une autre affaire.*”

“No certainly ;—that’s another case.”

Burgundy exhilarates the spirits, after a hearty meal, succeeding exercise. These causes united, produced a very natural effect ;—and as the point in case was *une autre affaire*—wherefore should I have more religious scruples than Mademoiselle ?

The case then stood thus.

	Deg.		Deg.
Religion	6	The Flesh	7
Reason	$4\frac{1}{2}$	Appetite	16
Danger	3	Powers	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Conscience	$\frac{1}{8}$	Object	33
Character	14	Opportunity	99
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	$27\frac{5}{8}$		$177\frac{3}{4}$
	$177\frac{3}{4}$		
	$27\frac{5}{8}$		
	<hr/>		

Alas ! alas ! $150\frac{1}{8}$ What a balance !

How light are religion, reason, danger, conscience, and even character, when opposed to the flesh, appetite, powers, object, and opportunity !—

Pray, Miss Laborde, draw the curtain ; for I am quite ashamed of the conclusion.

Gentle readers, male or female, or both united, how do your pulses beat ? Quick, quick, quick—for G—d’s sake draw the curtain too ?

THE BLUSH

PRAY, courteous reader, did not you perceive me blush in the last chapter?—I reddened all over.—I question whether the *Traiteur* would have taken my word, or even the Latin certificate, for my illness, under such a ruddy complexion; and in this case all the cause would have been prevented: for had not the fowl contained the best of juices, and promoted the drinking of a bottle of excellent Burgundy,—neither morüe nor frogs, though excellent fish, would have produced the dangerous effect.—Oh! how I still blush at the repetition! my very paper is as red as scarlet, and I can write no more upon the subject.

THE RECOVERY OF COMPLEXION

HAVING taken a turn round the room, and perceived my native pallid hue return, I took my hat, and then my leave, as the critical minute of confession approached; and Miss Laborde had in my opinion, an additional peccadillo to disburden her conscience from, though her abstinence was unimpeachable.

THE CONFESSION

CURIOSITY, what wilt thou not perform? My design was to have retired directly home, and dress;—but meeting with a lusty Friar upon the stairs, a thought occurred to me——“Surely this man must be framed of different flesh and blood than other mortals, if, when Mademoiselle reveals all her secrets to him, he can have the resolution to withstand such an attack upon the senses.”

I returned, and finding a very convenient aperture in the door, planted myself to observe the fervour of the penitent's devotion.

How many Ave Marias!—how many prayers! how many ejaculations!

Oh! that I had been a friar, a lusty friar! What felicity within the pale of that holy church!

Heaven! What an accident!

I had always an aversion to wooden beds, from their cracking:—they have often disturbed me from the soft slumbers of sweet repose upon the road, where, in spite of the virtue preached on Sunday—But such an accident surely never before happened!—No carpenters will work on *Good-Friday* in Paris,—and the *gros Financier* was to be with Mademoiselle at nine, an hour after confession.

But it is time for me to retire, and leave her to her fate.—Notwithstanding the accident—would I had been a friar, a lusty friar!

THE GUINGUETTE

I WILL frankly acknowledge, that though I never coveted or envied any man his possessions or enjoyments, either corporal or mental, before, I could not get the *lusty friar* out of my head; and had not a friend called upon me, to see the humours of the *Guinguette* on Easter Sunday, I verily believe that I might have been mad enough to have changed my religion to have embraced that order.

Guinguettes are places about the environs of Paris, not un-

similar to White-conduit-house, Bagnigge-wells, and the like, in the purlieus of London ; with this difference, that instead of tea, *petits soupers* are given, and a bottle of wine is drank till they are ready. The principal amusement consists of dancing. As these places are chiefly frequented by the *Bourgeoise* of Paris, they are resorted to by the greatest number on Sundays, as public dancing as well as plays, and operas are allowed on that day. This being Easter Sunday, they were not only very crowded, but much more brilliant than usual, on account of the variety of new clothes constantly exhibited on this day.

LES TAPAGEURS

THESE are species of animals, who, from a principle of false honour, and still more ridiculous vanity, fancy they are authorised to disturb the repose and merriment of the citizens of Paris. They generally consist of Mousquetaires and Pages. Being trained from their infancy to the sword, by the time they attain manhood, they are generally proficient in fencing ; and upon this superiority in arms, they build their title to insolence and impertinence.

A *Guinguette*, especially on Sunday, is the certain mart of their abilities : here they display their false wit and false courage, and frequently pass them off for genuine : however the counterfeits are sometimes detected, and severely punished.

Having, with my friend, taken a seat in the most retired corner of the room, that we might be unobserved spectators of what passed, a couple of *Tapageurs* presently entered ; and having taken a view of the company, they fixed upon a young jeweller, who was with his *Sweetheart*, for the object of their present ridicule.

The young fellow was dressed very genteelly, with a sword,

and carried no marks of plebeianism about him. But they knew he was a mechanic; and it is a rule with the *Tapageurs*, to chastise all such, as they call them, when they find them either in dress or company out of their sphere. The young woman was very handsome, and by the modesty which was depicted in her countenance, was entitled to respect even from the most abandoned. But the *Tapageurs* consider decency and decorum as vices which a Page or Mousquetaire should never be guilty of, and therefore carefully avoid committing them.

One of these heroes went up to the table where the Jeweller and his mistress were sitting, drinking a glass of wine; and asking him if his wine was good, without invitation helped himself to a glass: he then pronounced it excellent; and thus continued to serve first his companion; and afterwards himself, till the bottle was emptied.

The young Jeweller bore all these insults with great good temper; and, calling for another bottle, told them he was very proud of the honour of their company; and that if they could not afford to pay, they were even very welcome to another or two at his expence.

“Comment, Monsieur le Jouaillier, comptez-vous que vous n’êtes pas connu?—Allez balayer votre boutique, & laissez votre épée chez vous.”

“What, Mr. Jeweller, do you think you are not known?—Go and sweep your shop, and leave your sword at home.”

“Je la serai bien,” replied the Jeweller, *“après que je vous ai corrigé pour votre insolence.”*

“That I will readily do, after I have corrected you for your insolence.”

They now retired, whilst the Jeweller's mistress fainted away ; however, by the help of some hartshorn and water, she recovered herself, just as her lover returned victorious.

The Mousquetaire, vain-gloriously trifling with the Jeweller, whom he judged much inferior in skill, happening to stumble over a stone, was wounded through the body. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who was very doubtful concerning the wound. He was, however, put to bed, and all possible care taken of him.

OF THE JUST DISTRIBUTION OF NATURE

NATURE is so impartial in the distribution of her gifts to mankind, that she neither overburdens some individuals with her favours, nor overwhelms others with misfortunes ; but by a judicious mixture of good and evil in every creature, none have too much reason to be elated, nor any to despair. For example ; to These she gives great riches with an unquiet mind ; to Those, a great share of adversity with much insensibility. If the first with their wealth possessed the indifference of the needy, they would certainly be too happy ; whilst the latter, if they united mental uneasiness with their ill fortune, would, doubtless, be highly deserving of pity.

If, then, we weigh the wealth of the one with the indifference of the other—the uneasiness of the former with the misfortunes of the latter—we shall find the balance to be nearly equal. The poor man, insensible of the evils of life, despises the miser, who, whilst he amasses wealth, is miserable at the apprehensions of losing it.

Nor is this observation confined solely to wealth and poverty. Beauty and deformity have each their consolations. The handsome woman looks with contempt on the ill-shapen female,

who, in her turn, despises the beautiful idiot, formed only to be gazed upon. The swordsman considers courage and skill in arms, as the greatest accomplishments of a gentleman, and fancies his rank entitles him to adulation from the merchant and mechanic ; whilst these, on the contrary, maintain industry and trade to be more important objects than the *etiquette* of courts, or the glory of a campaign. Thus in every station of life, there is a consolation and solace to be found : and, indeed, no rank is contemptible in itself, whilst the person who fills it acts in character.

THE APPLICATION

HAD the musqueteer considered this with attention, he certainly might have saved a life which was thrown away for—*nothing* ! A life that might have been of service to his country, an honour to his family, and a blessing to his friends ; but which was now a disgrace to all.

May this *Tapageur* be hung up *in terrorem*, as a memento of the folly and vanity of a species of beings, who, it is to be hoped, will soon be exterminated from the earth. Such is the earnest prayer of Yorick !

THE OCCASION

THE misfortunes which befell the unfortunate Mademoiselle Laborde, from her omission of having asked me for the letter to her mistress, struck me so forcibly upon my return from the *Guinguette*, that I resolved to wait upon that lady the next day with it, and endeavour, by what little eloquence I possessed, to induce her to take her *fille de chambre* once more under her protection.

Whilst I was ruminating upon the most effectual plan of

operations, I accidentally strolled into the Tuilleries, and being somewhat fatigued, seated myself next a lady, who proving very communicative, we presently fell into general conversation, and from general descended to particular: so that without any kind of seeming impropriety, I asked her if she knew Madame Rambouillet.—“Madame Rambouillet! (she repeated) *C'est moi même.*”

“Good heaven, said I, what an accident! You are the very lady I proposed waiting upon to-morrow morning, with a letter I have been so neglectful as to keep these two months in my pocket.”

“*Vous êtes Mr. Yorick, donc ;———et comment est il arrivé que vous n’êtes pas venu me voir ?*”

Saying this, she rose up, and seizing me by the arm, led me to her coach. I was now preparing to take leave, but she said with a very imperative tone—“*Il faut souper avec moi.*”

THE TUILLERIES

I SUSPECTED Madame Rambouillet’s sudden and abrupt departure from the Gardens was occasioned by a spectacle, or rather a pair of spectacles, which, in a less polished sphere of action, would have been exploded, as erring against all the rules of decent optics.

On the left-hand walk from the Louvre is a range of shrubbery that runs parallel to the wall, at about six feet distance, and which, in summer, when the leaves are fully expanded, forms a kind of retreat; behind which obscenities of any species may be committed, unobserved by the company in the Gardens; but in winter and spring, everything performed behind this shrubbery is as much exposed as if done in any other part of the Tuilleries.

Having ascertained the topography of this retreat, I shall now point out its uses.

There are two Goddesses, whose numerous votaries consider it as the highest insult to these Divinities to expose the devotions they pay to them; the most recluse retreats, therefore, are constantly chosen for these oblations. But, by a strange effect of French vivacity, the Parisians forget the seasons of the year; and this being the end of March, there was not a single leaf yet disclosed, to conceal the rites which two devotees of one Goddess were at this time performing.

THE MISTAKE

ALTHOUGH I had supposed this exhibition had shocked the delicacy of Madame Rambouillet so much as to render any longer stay in the Gardens impracticable, I was afterwards thoroughly convinced that French *politesse* does not extend to such niceties. Her hurry was occasioned by her impatience to ask me a hundred questions, without giving me time to answer one, though fully satisfied with my replies. She accordingly took her leave of Madame de La Garde at the Great Gate, telling her she should drink chocolate with her to-morrow—and adding, “*J’ai quelques affaires avec ce Monsieur.——Vous m’excuserez.*”

THE ATTEMPT

WHEN I imagined Madame Rambouillet’s curiosity had been pretty well gratified, I thought it was a favourable opportunity to plead for Mademoiselle Laborde.

“Pray, Madam, had not you a chamber-maid whom you

“sent to my apartments for the letter which I have now delivered?—Does she live with you still?”

“Ah, la coquine ! Elle a fait bien des fauz pas ; non, Monsieur, elle est sur le pavé même.”

“Oh, the hussy ! she has made many slips ; and, Sir, she even walks the streets.”

This does not look like a reconciliation ; I must change my battery.

“Indeed, I am sorry to hear it. I hope she is not irclaimable.—How came you to part with her ?”

“Je crains, Monsieur, que vous y aviez un peu part.”

“I fear, Sir, you had some share in it.”

“Then, Madame, pray let me plead for her. Restore her to your favour ; forget her past errors ; and I will be bound for her future good behaviour. I have heard her story ; and she is to be pitied.”

Finding I had made some impression upon Madame Rambouillet in her favour, I told her story to the best advantage. She was greatly surprised at the turpitude of her milliner ; and in her passion, though a paragon of decency, could not refrain from uttering,

“Ah, la villain bou——gresse !”

Now was my time : her passions were set on float ; her pity began to move ; and, if her compassion were once under sail, I hoped I should quickly bring her to anchor in the harbour of Forgiveness. The port was in view, and a favourable gale sprung up.

THE PENITENT

IT is certainly true, there is more joy on earth, as well as in heaven, at bringing back one strayed sheep, than keeping in order the rest of the fold.

Madame Rambouillet agreed to restore Miss Laborde to her favour, on condition she would unfold all the misdeeds of her milliner, and depose them before a *Commissaire*, that she might be dealt with according to law. This she was easily prevailed upon to perform; and Madame la Roche's house was the next day beset by the *Archers*.

THE BICÊTRE

A DEPOSITION upon oath, of a woman's carrying on the profession of a procuress, is sufficient to entitle her to a place in the *Bicêtre*. In consequence therefore of Mademoiselle Laborde's declaration, Madame la Roche, and three of her pupils, were conducted thither, where I shall leave them to their own reflections, and the *Police*.

CUL DE SAC DE L'ORATOIRE

I BEG leave, in this place, to correct a mistake which slipped into the first volume of my Sentimental Journey, as it relates to a matter of chronology and geography; in which a Traveller, and particularly a Sentimental one, ought to be very correct. The passage is this:

“ Madame de Rambouillet, after an acquaintance of about six weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town. Of all women,

“Madame de Rambouillet is the most correct; and I never wish to see one of more virtues and purity of heart. In our return back, Madame de Rambouillet desired me to pull the cord: I asked her if she wanted any thing: *Rien que pisser*, said Madame de Rambouillet.”

The fact is certain, and therefore remains in its full force; but the time when, and the place where, require some amendment.

It was only one week after I first met her in the Tuilleries; and the circumstance happened in the *Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*.

This will also rectify the anachronism of my first acquaintance with Madame de Rambouillet; which should not have been placed till after my return from the South of France.

THE PET EN L'AIR

THE *Pet en l'Air* is once more a fashionable dress among the English Ladies, and therefore requires no definition: its etymology will be set forth in this chapter.

Madame Pompadour riding through *le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*, the first day she wore this dress (which was invented by her, and had not yet been christened), in company with Mademoiselle La Tour, one of her waiting-maids, or rather servile companions, by some accident gave vent to some confined air, according to Hudibras, the natural way. The ludicrousness of the accident occasioned her to burst into a loud laugh, and exclaim, “That shall be the name of my “new dress”; and from that time a short sack and petticoat were called a *Pet en l'Air*.

A similarity of circumstances produces a similarity of sentiments. When Madame de Rambouillet alighted to *rien que*

pisser, she was better than her word; and, upon resuming her seat, with a laugh, said, "*C'est un pet pas en l'air, mais dans le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire.*"

Such critical justness, in so light a conceit, must certainly set her judgment in the most favourable point of light; and though the thought might be originally Madame de Pompadour's, this lady's improvement upon it is at least equal to the primitive sentiment.

Three learned doctors of the Sorbonne, being informed of the event, pronounced this sentence.

THE CONCATENATION

I DARE say, the reader was not a little disappointed upon Mademoiselle Laborde's resuming her story, to find that the concatenation was entirely destroyed, and that no mention was made of her lover the *Perruquier*, who had proposed a connubial connection in the most honourable and serious way, and who was so well situated in business, and so agreeable a man, that he seemed every way qualified to render the marriage-state completely happy.

To own the truth, I did perceive a kind of chasm in this part of her Narration; but being unwilling to interrupt her, I let her proceed her own way.

"Pray, Mademoiselle," said I, as we were sitting together at Madame Rambouillet's during her absence, "*à propos*," (though, by-the-by, it was no more *à propos* than any one thing the most foreign in the world, that might have been lugged in head and shoulders) "*à propos*, Miss Laborde; you never told me what became of your lover the *Perruquier*?"

“Good heavens! no more I did: I quite forgot him. I “was so taken up” with the Italian Marquis and Lord “Spindle, he never once entered my head. — Poor man! “Heigh-ho!”

“What makes you sigh, and call him *poor* man? I thought “he was in very good circumstances.”

“Yes, his circumstances were very well, for the matter of “that; but he was very imprudent. He was twice cited to “appear before the company of Barber-Surgeons, and mulcted “for not being licensed; and yet he was so indiscreet as to “set them at defiance, and the third time was committed to “prison, where I believe he still remains.”

“What, could not the Duchess his patroness relieve him?”

“She did not chuse to appear in such an affair publicly.— “Besides, I believe by this time she had pretty well forgot “him and his services. An Irish colonel had for some time “supplied his place so effectually, that there were some hopes “of an heir to that noble family, after her Grace had been “married eleven years without issue.”

“And so the poor fellow is to rot in jail, because the Irish “colonel has so effectually served this noble family! Forbid “it, Justice, forbid it, Mercy!”

THE INTERCESSION

THE next morning, having intelligence of the place of confinement of Le Sieur Tournelle, I wrote to the master of the company of Barber-Surgeons, proposing to pay all the expences attending his imprisonment, and to find sureties for his never trespassing again. In this letter I mentioned the

Count de B—'s name, to whom I also communicated the affair; and received a very polite answer, in which I was informed, Tournelle's confinement was more owing to his obstinacy, in not submitting to the concessions prescribed him, than to any incapacity of paying the fees, or taking up a licence.

I now waited upon Tournelle, whom I found in very good spirits, relying upon the Duchess's protection, upon her return from the country, where he had been informed she had resided for some time past. I had some difficulty at first to convince him of his error in this respect: but when I mentioned to him the Irish colonel, who had been one of his customers, and the other circumstances attending his connections with the Duchess; and added that, to my certain knowledge, she had not been a night absent from Paris these two months, he lowered his tone, and very submissively entreated my intercession.

I then told him the terms upon which I would obtain his liberty, and reimburse all the expences which this affair had occasioned.

This was his marriage with Mademoiselle Laborde. To this he readily consented, saying, she was the only woman he had ever really loved; and that I could not propose to him a more agreeable match; as he certainly should have married her before this time, if he had not been prevented by his confinement.

DOUBTS

CASUISTS and Theologians will, perhaps, oppose their doctrines to my conduct, and pronounce the part I took in Tournelle's behalf rather Jesuitical.—I had my doubts.

Whether this man may not be happy united to a woman,

who, though she has been guilty of errors, is conscious of them, and seems perfectly penitent ?

Or,

Whether by informing him of the real state of her conduct, I may not make him miserable, and prevent an union which might make them both contented ?

All her public errors had been committed, whilst he was estranged from the world : and ignorance in this respect was to him virtue on her behalf ;—but then the powers of malice——

On Eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
Whilst virtuous actions are but born and die.

THE RESOLUTION

I ACQUAINTED Madame de Rambouillet with all the steps I had taken, and consulted with her which was the most eligible way of proceeding. She said, she would send for him to dress her ; and whilst she was under the operation, she would introduce a conversation, wherein a similar character to Mademoiselle Laborde's should be presented to his opinion ; and, if he thought such a woman a proper candidate for matrimony, no intelligence he might afterwards receive from the slanderous world could affect his peace.

THE OPERATION

HAIR-DRESSING is now so prevalent all over Europe, and even America (for many an *honest Perruquier* has made a voyage to that quarter of the globe), that it does not seem

in the least ridiculous for a man, much less a lady, to sit a couple of hours to have their heads tortured with hot irons. Christian charity upon this occasion dictates a prayer, in behalf of the inhabitants of the pole—for burning is a horrid death.

Two hours are nothing. I am absolutely too modest. A French lady would be ashamed to retire from her toilet in three. This surely then was a sufficient period to discuss the matters in point—Madame de Rambouillet's head and Made-moiselle Laborde's——character.

THE CONVERSATION

Madame de Rambouillet

IS it possible, then, you could admire a woman after she had been guilty of a *faux pas* with another man?

Tournelle. That, Madame, would depend entirely on circumstances.

Madame. What circumstances are those?

Tour. First, whether she had given him the preference by choice; whether she was compelled; or whether Necessity had driven her to the deed.

Madame. So then, in either of these cases, you could forgive a woman whom you had once loved?

Tour. Provided her future conduct strongly testified that her sentiments were not contaminated; and that her past behaviour would serve her as a beacon, to avoid the shoals which so many females split upon.

Madame. What, then, you could forgive her having had a variety of lovers, if you was satisfied that Necessity had compelled her, and that she was perfectly reclaimed?

Tour. The number, Madame, I think of no consequence in this case: the sentiment and present disposition are the chief objects.

Madame. And could you think of marrying a woman under such circumstances?

Tour. If I had ever loved her well enough to have wedded her, I suppose I should be blind enough to her past failings; and perhaps vain enough to think that her future husband might reform her into an excellent wife.

Madame. I approve of your good sense; and, if half the Parisian husbands had reasoned with as much justice towards their wives, I believe there would not be half the number of cuckolds or cuckold-makers.—Bless me! you have burnt off a curl, a capital curl! What must be done?

Tour. Que Diable! This comes of marriage.—But I can soon rectify the deficiency of the *outside* of a lady's head, be it ever so great.—I will run immediately for my last new-invented *tête*; which I am sure, Madame, you will approve of.

Madame. “*Ah! Monsieur Tournelle, il n’y a pas moyen.*”

Tour. “*N’ayez pas peur—je retournerai dans l’instant.*”

THE MARRIAGE

I WOULD not have the reader, let him be ever so superstitious, imagine that this accident was any way ominous; for I can assure him, that to this hour I do not know any one thing which hath occurred, that could in any respect be supposed portended by it. As to the marriage, it took place very shortly: I gave away Mademoiselle Laborde, now Madame Tournelle; and there is not a better wife in all *Rue St. Honore*, or even *Renommée*.

What can I say more?

She is pregnant. And, if I am at Paris at the time of the christening, I am to stand godfather; if not, I shall be sponsor by proxy.

N.B. Mons. Tournelle strenuously objected to the clerical claims of *cuisage* and *jambage*.—But he did not reside in *la Rue Tireboudin*.

MYSELF

HAVING thus cleanly, honestly, morally, and *almost* virtuously, got Mademoiselle Laborde off my hands, I have no body now to mind but myself.

Perhaps the reader may imagine that I should pay some attention to Madame de Rambouillet, the Count de B——, the *Marchande de Gands d'amour*, the Marquis de B****, Monsieur P——, the Farmer General, Madame de G——, Madame de V——, Monsieur D——, the Abbé M——, the Count de Faieant, and all the rest of my Parisian acquaintance. To this I say, *No*.

Myself——is what I have not for some months looked into.——With this Being I must now converse ; leaving the frivolity of *petits maîtres* to be gratified with all their unsubstantial enjoyments——their ideal pleasures.

How stands the great account between me and reason ? Some hath been paid, but much more still is due.—A long, long reckoning.—Alas ! when shall I strike a balance ?

Oh, my Eugenius ! when we reflect upon the quick transition of Time, the ridiculous goals of so great a part of the court of life, its short duration, the phantoms we pursue, the shadows that we grasp, I blush to take a view of myself, and would procrastinate a scrutiny which harrows me at reflection.

VANITY, FOLLY,

How magnificent are your altars ! How numerous your votaries ! How great your sacrifices !

THE VISIT

WHEN I had got thus far in this moral self-disquisition, I heard a carriage stop at the door, and looking from the window, perceived the Count de B—— inquiring for Monsieur Yorick, or Monsieur Sterne. He saw me at the window, and instantly alighted.

He came up stairs, with much seeming satisfaction in his countenance upon finding me at home ; he said he had had some difficulty in discovering my place of abode ; that no body knew Monsieur Yorick ; and that, had he not luckily met with the celebrated Mr. W——es upon the *Pont Neuf*, he should never

have thought of inquiring for Mr. Sterne ; but that Mr. W—es explained to him the ænigma, and that he had ordered his bookseller to bind him immediately, in elegant binding, the volumes of Tristram Shandy, together with his Sermons.

Such a compliment naturally excited me to pay an oblique one to his philanthropy and great erudition, which, however, was soon melted down into politics. Mr. W——es, his partizans and opponents, furnished us with matter of conversation for near an hour ; in which the Count displayed great judgment, and a very extensive knowledge of the constitution, laws, and customs of England ; and appeared perfectly well acquainted with all the celebrated political characters of the age.

“ But, after all, said the Count, this is not the subject of my visit. Monsieur De L——, with the assistance of the Abbé T——, has made very free with the Marquis de M——, in a pamphlet handed about. Now, continued he, I have written an answer to it, in which I have the vanity to think I have fairly retorted the argument, as well as the raillery upon him ; and I wanted to consult with you upon a proper device by way of frontispiece.

“ My conceit is an elephant learning to dance upon the slack rope, being taught by a monkey.”

THE OBJECTION

“ **M**ONSIEUR Le Comte, said I, since you do me the honour to consult me upon the occasion, I hope you will not be offended at my speaking without reserve.”

“ By no means,” replied he.

“Why, Monsieur le Comte, the thought is good, but, “*pardonnez moi*, it is not new.”

“Not new!—Where is it to be met with?”

AN ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUCHESS

OF MARLBOROUGH

“**L**ORD Grimstone when at school, about the age of thirteen, wrote a comedy called *The Lawyer's Fortune*. The production was so far from possessing any dramatic merit, that it contained scarce any thing but palpable inconsistencies; however, when the very juvenile years of the author are considered, and that the publication of it was probably owing to the partiality of parents in the gratification of a childish vanity; and when it is also considered, that at a maturer time of life, the author himself, upon a review of it, becoming sensible of its imperfections, took every possible means to call in the impression, and, if possible, prevent so indifferent a performance, standing forth in evidence against even his childish talents; such an error seemed, to all impartial people, sufficiently apologized for: and indeed, the severer critics are less to be blamed than a certain lady, who called it forth from obscurity. This was the late Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who, in the course of an opposition, which she thought proper to make to this gentleman, in an election for members of parliament where he stood a candidate, caused a large impression of this play to be printed at her own expence, and to be distributed among the electors; with a frontispiece, conveying a reflection on his Lordship's understanding. The device was, *an elephant dancing on a slack rope*. This gentleman, nevertheless, carried his election, in despite of this attempt to make him ridiculous in the eyes of his constituents.”

THE MONKEY

“**F**ORT bien, *Monsieur*, mais où est le singe ?

“Very well, Sir, but where is the monkey ?”

“Oh ! I give up the Monkey, *Monsieur le Comte*, though
“there was something very like one in the background.”

CONVICTION

THERE is nothing more difficult than to convince a Frenchman of a mistake, especially when his wit or judgment seems to be called in question ; so that though the Comte de B—— was a very accomplished gentleman, still he had so much of the Frenchman in him, that I saw him redden, as soon as I mentioned the old Duchess’s allegorical frontispiece ; and I could find he would willingly have purchased all the dispersed copies of *The Lawyer’s Fortune*, at a higher price than Lord Grimstone, to have secured to himself the merit of novelty.

POLITESSE

HOWEVER, the Count preserved every possible external mark of politesse ; and seemed pleased with a hint I gave him to improve his plate : he insisted on my eating soup with him the very next day, but added,—“*Vous me ferrez un plaisir très singulier, de ne mentionner à personne l’idée que vous m’avez donnée à l’égard de cette planche.*”

“You will, said he, confer a singular pleasure on me, if you
“mention to no one the hint you gave me concerning this
“plate.”

I promised him I would not.

For this reason I suppressed it here ; though perhaps I might thereby lay claim to some Hogarthian merit—and it might have served as a very proper frontispiece to these volumes of Sentimental Travels.

But Yorick's word is no jest.

CURIOSITY

CURIOSITY has been the source of human misery. What a price did Eve pay for it? What a price is every day paid for it by the human race? It may be divided into two classes: The first is, the desire of being acquainted with past times, by the means of history, of discovering the secrets of nature, fathoming the depths of science, and such like laudable pursuits. This class of curiosity cannot be too strenuously and constantly preserved and excited, as by an acquaintance with the past, we learn how to behave upon occasions that offer; for, as Cicero says, *nescire quod antequàm natus esses actum est, id semper esse puerum*.

The second class of curiosity, is an inquisitiveness after the business and pursuits of other people; and it is this kind of curiosity which must always be condemned.

The ancient inhabitants of Crete enacted laws whereby they were forbidden, on pain of being publicly whipt, ever to enquire of a foreigner who he was, from whence he came, or what was his business; and those who answered such questions, were deprived of the use of fire and water. The reason they assigned for enacting this law, was, that men by not interfering with the business of others, might the better attend to their own.

Good Heaven! if such a law were in force in Europe, and particularly in Paris, which is the centre of curiosity, how much more would the curiosity of the Parisians be excited by the displaying of those charms, which, indeed, the ladies do not take much pains to hide, but which they would be greatly mortified to have thus publicly exposed and castigated! Not that they would be destitute of male companions in these perambulations; for I believe the *petits-mâîtres* in this city are the greatest gossips on earth.

These curious impertinents seem to have no ideas of their own, or which they have borrowed from books; all their knowledge may be said to consist in their neighbours' actions; and whilst they repeat what they have learnt, by way of censure, forget the ridiculous and infamous character they then appear in.

Plutarch and *Pliny* have both written encomiums upon *Marcus Pontius*, a Roman, who never had the curiosity to enquire about what passed at Rome, nor in the houses of his nearest neighbours. But this is a singular example, which will never be imitated whilst politics and news of every species seem to engross the sole attention of mankind.

THE CRITICISM

I AM aware that the Snarlers will immediately be let loose upon me.—“So, Mr. Yorick, you would suppress all “curiosity, all thirst of knowledge, except what may immediately come under the head of science.—Who the p—x “then would read your works?”

Answer—There would then be nothing else read, as they contain the essence of learning, the depth of science, and the *ne plus ultra* of genius.

THE APPLICATION

I SHALL now set forth my reasons for having such an objection to Parisian curiosity in particular.

On the same floor with me dwelt a man, who had the appearance of an officer : he was at the gate when the Count de B—— inquired for me by two different names. They were both foreign to his ear and his understanding, and this was sufficient to excite his curiosity. He popped his head into every Coffee-house in Paris, to gain intelligence concerning me : what he there learn'd respecting me, he added to his former ænigmatical account, in order, as poisons expel poisons, to extract more venom out of my character.

In every Coffee-house in Paris is posted a political Lion, or court-spy, who reports every thing that falls within his observation, which he thinks will please the ministry, or lead to any discoveries. My name being thus handed about, there were no less than thirty-two different accounts concerning me the next morning, upon the Duc de C—'s bureau, all concluding that I was a dangerous person.

I that day paid a visit to the Count de B—, with whom I also dined. During my absence, my lodgings were searched, all my Papers seized, and a *lettre de cachet* was waiting for me at my return.

PROVIDENCE

DARK and intricate are the ways of Providence !—Short-sighted mortals, it were not fitting you should pry into futurity ; or could ye, the knowledge of events hereafter, so far from accelerating your happiness, would but increase your misery.

With what spirits did I dress, to wait upon the Count ! With what an air of cheerfulness and satisfaction did I step into the coach, and order the *Cocher* to drive to his Hôtel ! Little did I think, at that very moment the hand of the minister was subscribing to my fate.

The Count de B— met me with the greatest politeness ; and told me as a secret, that the Duc de C——I had highly applauded my conceit. “He is to dine here.”——Scarce had he uttered these words, before the minister appeared. The Count introduced me to the Duke ; but I perceived a reserve and coyness in his address which I had never before observed in a Frenchman.

They retired for some time. The Count returned and asked me several questions, which I answered with my usual frankness. They were out of the common road ; but I thought he was intitled to an explication.

In about a quarter of an hour the Duke returned with the Count ; when there was a serenity and openness in the minister’s countenance, to which it had been quite estranged before. The Company increased, when the conversation was general, sprightly, and agreeable.

MY RETURN

NO sooner had my coach stopt at the gate, than my host came running out to tell me, if I was not inclined to lie in the *Bastile*, to drive away as fast as I could. Surprised at this intimation, I desired him to get into the coach, and we drove round several streets ; when he informed me of all that had happened.

“Good God ! is this possible !—when I dined this very day

“ with the Duke de C——I, and have not left him half an hour!—
 “ Ah! the mystery is explained:—it is certain that an honest
 “ man could not be guilty of such dissimulation;—and I will
 “ lie to-night in my old lodgings.”

“ *Pour l'amour de Dieu, ne retournez pas.*”

“ What have I to fear? I trust in the justness and the
 “ uprightness of my intentions.”

Saying this, I returned to my hotel, where, when I had alighted, I found all my papers sent back, with this short note from the Count:

“ *Vous avez des ennemis ; mais n'ayez pas peur :—on voit que vous êtes un honnête homme.*”

“ You have enemies; but be not afraid:—it is perceived that
 “ you are an honest man.”

A FAREWELL TO PARIS

HAD not this last proceeding given me much disgust to living under a government where neither a man's person or property are safe, let him be ever so innocent; and where, had it not been for a mere accident, I might have languished out the remainder of my days in a loathsome dungeon; I say, Eugenius, had not this consideration prevailed, the letter which I received from thee, wherein the cause of protracting your journey, your severe illness, was so strongly depicted, would not have let me remain one day longer in the paradise of coquets, elysium of *petits-mâîtres*, and the center of frivolity.

I packed up my little baggage, wrote a complimentary letter to the Count de B——, another to Madame de Rambouillet, and set out that very evening for Calais.

THE POST-CHAISE

I HAD no sooner got into my Post-Chaise, than I began to consider the advantages of my present journey, the plan I had proposed, and how far I had compassed it.

“They order this matter better in France.”

This assertion produced my voyage.—I was piqued to have it doubted, whether I was authorised to make it, and was resolved to be convinced by ocular demonstration.

The reader’s curiosity hath, I dare say, though an Englishman, been upon the tenterhooks of impatience all this while, to know what this matter was, and whether it really was ordered better in France.

It is time he should be satisfied.

The subject in debate was the inconvenience of drinking healths whilst at meal, and toasts afterwards: and I carelessly said, upon what I thought good information, “They order this matter better in France.”

“HEALTHS ARE ABOLISHED, AND TOASTS NEVER WERE ADOPTED.”

So far I was right: so far I have compassed the design of my voyage.

But whether this was *tant mieux*, or *tant pis*, notwithstanding my thorough knowledge at present in the precise meaning of these two expressions in the French dialect, I shall leave the reader to determine.

CHANTILLY

BY the time I had run over these observations and reflections, we (that is, the two horses, first, the postillion and myself, for I had no other companions) had got to the delightful retreat of the Prince of Condé.

This *chateau* is considered by connoisseurs in architecture to be one of the most perfect structures of the kind. The apartments are sumptuous, and can be surpassed by nothing but the furniture. The gardens are finely laid out, and very happily disposed. Upon the whole, this is one of the most elegant and convenient spots in all France, as well from its vicinity to the capital, as from its being so agreeably intersected with water.

We did not change horses here; but my curiosity, from the accounts I had heard of this seat, induced me to stop and take a survey of it, a circumstance I lamented having omitted in my way to Paris: and the gratification I received, amply repaid the small expence it occasioned me.

AMIENS

NOTHING very material occurred to me till we arrived at this city; "nor did any thing very important happen " then," the reader will probably pronounce.

I arrived here about one o'clock, and finding a keen appetite strongly prompt to inquire after dinner, I asked my host what he could speedily provide me.

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*"

"Every thing you please."

A very comprehensive bill of fare.

“But what have you got in the house?”

“*Tout ce que vous voulez.*”

“Have you any partridges?”

“*Non.*”

“Any woodcocks?”

“*Non.*”

“Any ducks?”

“*Non.*”

“Any pullets?”

“*Non, Monsieur, qui sont propres à manger.*”

“No, Sir, none that are fit for eating.”

“Then you may as well not have them for a man who is riding post.”

“Any fish?”

“*Point de tout aujourd’hui.*”

“None to-day.”

“What the p—x then does every thing consist of?”

“*Des coutelets de mouton à la Maintenon.*”

“Mutton-chops with Maintenon sauce.”

“In the name of Famine, let’s have them, good Mr. Boniface.”

The conceit was lost upon him, for two reasons ; first, he did not understand English ; and secondly, if he had, without knowing the character in the play, he never could have conceived that his meagre carcass could convey the least idea of such a name.

THE HUE AND CRY

IT is a dangerous thing for a man, especially an Englishman, to set his mind upon a good meal, when he travels in France. If he can put up with an omelette, soup-meagre, or a fricassee of frogs, which are in great plenty, he need entertain no apprehensions of starving : but if his ideas should be engrossed with a buttock or a surloin of beef, alas ! alas ! how great would be his disappointment, from his first setting foot at Calais, till he was ready to reimbarc at Marseilles.

My disappointment was still greater ; for though I had reduced all my pretensions to eating a couple of mutton-chops, after having my imagination raised to whatever I could think of, still these very chops were not to be found. A scrap of mutton, of about two pounds, on which my landlord had built all his foundation for good eating, was vanished.

“*Que diable, où est le mouton ?*”

“What the d——l is become of my mutton ?”

“*Et pest f—tre—où est le mouton ?*”

[Untranslatable]

Every corner of the kitchen, every creek of the pantry was searched,—but no mutton was to be found.

THE DISCOVERY

AT length, when I was upon the point of resuming my chaise, and deferring the gratification of my appetite to the next post, *Monsieur l'Hôte* had found the house-dog in possession of all our provisions, in the dust-hole: he had already gnawed one half; but as there remained a sufficient quantity for my *coutelets de Maintenon*, I did not object to its being dressed, that the poor animal might escape the punishment with which he was so severely threatened.

ABBEVILLE

A HUNGRY traveller and a disappointed stomach never think the horses drive fast enough. *Depechez, depechez.*

“*Oui Monseigneur.*”—Cric—crac—crac.

The postillions in France seem to have the exclusive privilege of cracking of whips; which they perform so very expertly, that it supplies all the use of a horn, blown by our post-boys, upon their arrival at a post-house.

Crac—crac—crac—

And the horses were ready—But halt! I've not dined.

Thank heaven for meeting with an excellent duck, and a very good bottle of Burgundy! Now I can continue my journey as fast as you will.

Suppose I were to take a nap?

“Depend upon it, Mr. Yorick, the witlings will pronounce
“you have been napping ever since you left Paris.”

Why, then, it is but continuing, if they do not snarl too loud.

BOULOGNE SUR MER

SURELY I have got into England without crossing the sea! How many of my countrymen! What charms can this place have so peculiarly superior to all the other sea-ports in France?

This question I put to my host, who was an Irishman—
“Its vicinity to England.”

Smugglers, bankrupts, and insolvents!—The streets swarm with them.

“Do they pay well?”

“At first.”

“And can you afford to give them credit afterwards?”

“No; but there are so many fresh recruits, who are fleeced
“by their countrymen, as soon as they come over, that we
“can venture to trust them in a dearth of bankruptcies.”

Heavens! the needy preying upon the miserable! Or
more likely——

*The delinquent and felonious traveller,
Sucking the last drops of vital blood,
From the unfortunate and innocent traveller.*

Close the scene—Humanity cannot sustain it.

The post-chaise this instant.

CALAIS

ONCE MORE

WELL, Monsieur *Dessein*, you sold me a bargain;—but
I forgive you.

“*En honneur, Monsieur, je refusois deux Louis de pus, le
même jour.*”

Modest! for an innkeeper.

“When does the packet sail for England?”

“*Ce soir, Monsieur.*”

“Then take me a place, and let me have a couple of bottles
of your best Burgundy.”

Adieu! oh France!——but alas! alas! the remise calls
fresh to mind every circumstance that——

Heigh ho!

I can't explain.

Love, Love, these are thy victories! these thy trophies!

THE SEA

A DEAD, dead calm !

Mademoiselle Latouche very ill—the sea an excellent emetic.

“Pray, Mademoiselle, do not stand upon ceremony.”

“*Non, Monsieur, c'est ce que je ne sais jamais dans des cas pareils.*”

“So I perceive——but—but——” Well, I had a narrow escape. So I will pay her no more compliments till we get ashore.

A fresh breeze brings us into harbour.

DOVER

EVERY traveller who ever touched here, and afterwards thought proper to blot paper, has given such descriptive ideas of this place, that I shall refer my readers to them and Shakespeare, for a poetical description of it.

“Sir, you may go in a post-chaise with another gentleman, as cheap as the stage.”

This my landlord informed me at the King's Head.—
“Why, then, I have no kind of objection.”

CANTERBURY

“SIR, a shilling a-mile—a very bad road—no body can afford to run a chaise for less, and we get nothing by it then.”

“Why, this is a most arrant imposition.—Mr. What’s-his-name has deceived me—and if there be any redress in law, I’ll have it.”

“So will I,” said my fellow-traveller.—He was a lawyer.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

WE had not travelled far from this celebrated city, before we were attacked by a highwayman. My fellow-traveller was disposed to contend with him; and though he trembled every joint, whilst he ushered his *imaginary* courage to his aid, he continued talking of the poltroonery of two travellers submitting to a single highwayman.

In answer to this, I told him the contents of my purse were but very trifling; and that if I could reach London, it would accomplish the full design of my present finances; that I should therefore take two guineas out of my purse, not for the robber, but for myself. “A man, continued I, who risques his life, his future peace of mind, and perhaps, the existence of a wife and family upon such a business, though illegal, deserves at least the compassion of those who can spare a trifle.

“*’Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe.*”

“You surprise me, Sir, to plead so strongly in favour of an highwayman.—An Old Bailie Council would be ashamed to go such lengths——”

“Without a fee,” I replied.

By this time the highwayman had made his demand in form; and fear, enforced by the sight of a pistol, operated what pity or compassion would never have effected:—he gave up with a tremulous hand, a purse which seemed to contain a considerable sum, when Charity might have preserved the far greater part, by a merciful and benevolent allowance.

“You are no Sentimental Traveller, Sir, I see.”

“No,——(in a faltering voice) I never was so terrified in my life.”

“More so, I imagine, than he who ventured against so many chances, the Law, our Contention, our Poverty.”——

He sighed.——

I pitied and despised him, and we conversed no more till we reached the metropolis.

LONDON

OH! my dear Eugenius, I fly to your arms!—let me embrace the dearest of friends!

How happy I am to find you recovered!—Fortune hath repaid me too abundantly!

MAN

WHAT a strange machine is man, framed with such nice mechanism by Nature's hand, that every element impedes his perfect motion! Now the vibration of the heart is too much propelled by heat—now cold shivers every fibre. Where's the just medium? Tell me, philosopher, and I will own thy knowledge.

My spirits fail—my head swims.

To rest—to rest.

I cannot sleep—a book may perhaps amuse. Can it divert at this sad hour?

I will indulge my melancholy.

After having read Hervey's Meditations, I fell into a slumber, and by degrees a dream so strongly operated, that I thought I was no longer in a state of nature, but a kind of auditor to a dialogue that took place between my Soul and Body; which, as it made a very strong impression on me, I can repeat pretty correctly.

A VISION

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MY SOUL AND MY BODY

BODY

NO!—never—never—will I submit to the caprices of thee, Soul! What, yield to thee that sovereignty which I have preserved over thee for such a succession of years? After thou hast so implicitly obeyed my laws, shall I submit to thine, which

forbid me the use of all that gives me pleasure, and compel me to embrace what I hold in the utmost abhorrence? This shall never be; thou shalt never have the satisfaction to find, that at the end of my career I adopt thy visions for rules of conduct. How!—acknowledge, tamely acknowledge my slave to be my master, and yield to thy laws, who, from thine infancy, gavest up all pretensions to the enforcing of them! Ungrateful wretch! after thou hast partaken with me of the sweetest pleasures, thou wouldst at present testify thy acknowledgment, by depriving me of the enjoyments of life, in order to relieve thee from thy panics and terrors. Is this the gratitude thou owest me, to undertake the destruction of that dwelling, in which thou hast been lodged so many years, and to acquit thy rent with tears, sighs, solitude, mortification, contempt, and, in a word, chastise me in every sensible part? No—I will oppose thee with all my strength, and I will pursue, as usual, the gratification of my senses, in despite of thee and all thy misanthropy.—But—ah! my Soul appears—and I must listen even against my will.

SOUL

THOU wretched mass! bag of earth! pasture of worms!
itinerant sink! horrid carcase! the abode of serpents,
and the retreat of toads! darest thou to oppose the laws which
I dictate to thee, for the short time which we shall now
remain together, after having by a fatal complaisance allowed
thee, for such a length of time, all that thy infamous desires
could crave! Art thou most ungrateful, or most criminal?
Thou now refuseth me a few tears, after having afforded thee,
for such a series of years, innumerable delights. But, alas!
vain and imaginary is all terrestrial felicity! Canst thou deny
a few sighs after so much joy; a useful solitude after such
a long and scandalous commerce with the world; some morti-

fications after myriads of such vain delights; some little contempt after so much pride; in a word, a state of repentance, so short, as will be our union, for so many years of idle or vicious gratification, and of which I must one day give an account to the Sovereign Judge?

Thou contemptible rebel! thou blind vessel of clay and dirt! thou by thy disobedience art as unworthy of my care, as I am of mercy, by my past inconsiderate partiality for thee. But mine eyes are now open: I perceive the absolute power I ought to have had over thee, and I will now exercise it. Wherefore, no longer oppose my mandates; and henceforward expect nothing from me in this world but affliction. I command thee to submit with patience, as thou canst not from thy nature do it with pleasure, to the keenest anguish of this life. By thy present tears, I will endeavour to purge away the foul stains of thy past actions——Thy present humility may obliterate the remembrance of thy former vanity.—Have not thy works tended to the corruption of the age? to the depravity of the morals of the rising generation?—What recompence canst thou offer?—Not thy religious discourses: they are but a small counterpoise, and read but by few.

AWAKE

HERE, a noise in the street awoke me, and I was glad to find this was only a vision: it, however, operated so strongly upon my mind, that, added to my present weakness, I was scarce able to support the remembrance of it.

I saw, but too clearly saw the justness of the reasoning of my Soul, even in sleep. What a wretch am I!—How have I misapplied those talents that Nature destined for superior uses! —Vile dauber of paper!

Oh my brain !—Eugenius ! my brain !

The grim Tyrant now in earnest seizes me so violently by the throat, that my friend, Eugenius, can scarce hear me cry across the table !

THE CATASTROPHE

HE'S gone ! for ever gone ! *

Poor Yorick ! he was a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy ! Where be your gibes now ?——Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ?——not one now——quite chap-fallen !

Alas ! alas ! alas ! poor Yorick.

This with the spontaneous flood of friendship your Eugenius signs.

ONE SHORT CHAPTER MORE

THE pains which have been taken to suppress this work, are as illiberal as unjust ; let it stand or fall by its own merit, but like all such similar attempts, they have recoiled upon those who levelled the batteries ;—and in proportion as they have endeavoured to lessen it in the opinion of the Public, the generous and candid public have seen through the artifice, and with greater applause, have more warmly patronized the performance.

* Mr. Sterne died in March, 1768, soon after the publication of the two volumes of his Sentimental Journey.

In this scale will all productions be ever weighed, and the voice of a Bookseller or a pretended Critic will have no influence, when envy, jealousy, or self-interest, so conspicuously appear under the slight veil of pretended Candour.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME

A
POLITICAL ROMANCE

ADDRESSED TO

——— ———, Esq.

OF YORK

ADVERTISEMENT

THIS little Piece was written by Mr. STERNE in the year 1759, but for private reasons was then suppressed. The recovery of this satirical performance from oblivion, as worthy of so masterly a pen, will, it is hoped, be a sufficient excuse with all lovers of literary merit, for thus bringing it to public view.

Late Parson,	Abp. H-RR——
Parson of the Parish,	Abp. H—TT—N
John the Clerk,	Dean of York, FOUNT—N
Trim,	Dr. T—PH—M
Mark Slender,	Dr. BRAITH—T
Lorry Slim,	LAURENCE ST—NE
William Doe,	Mr. BIRD—E

Village, York

Author, Mr. LAURENCE ST—NE

A

POLITICAL ROMANCE

SIR,

IN my last, for want of something better to write about, I told you what a world of fending and proving we have had of late, in this little village of ours, about an old cast pair of black plush-breeches, which John, our parish-clerk, about ten years ago, it seems, had made a promise of to one Trim who is our sexton and dog-whipper.—To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occasions to know a good deal of the shifty behaviour of the said master Trim—and that you are astonished, nor can you for your soul conceive, how so worthless a fellow, and so worthless a thing into the bargain, could become the occasion of so much racket as I have represented.——

Now, though you do not say expressly you could wish to hear any more about it, yet I see plainly enough I have raised your curiosity; and therefore, from the same motive that I slightly mentioned it at all in my last letter, I will in this, give you a full and very circumstantial account of the whole affair.

But, before I begin, I must first set you right in one very material point, in which I have misled you, as to the true cause of all this uproar amongst us—which does not take its rise, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches; but on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its rise from it.—To understand which, you must know that the first begin-

ning of the squabble was not betwixt John the parish-clerk and Trim the sexton, but betwixt the parson of the parish and the said master Trim, about an old *watch-coat* that had hung up many years in the church, which Trim had set his heart upon; and nothing would serve Trim but he must take it home, in order to have it converted into a *warm under-petticoat* for his wife, and a *jerkin* for himself against winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he most humbly begged his reverence would consent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have so often felt it, that a principle of strong compassion transports a generous mind sometimes beyond what is strictly right;—the parson was within an ace of being an honourable example of this very crime—for no sooner did the distinct words—*petticoat, poor wife—warm—winter*, strike upon his ear—but his heart warmed—and before Trim had got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and soul.—But Trim, says he, as you see I am but just got down to my living, and am an utter stranger to all parish-matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never seen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for such a purpose, or, if it is, in truth, know not whether 'tis mine to bestow upon you or not—you must have a week or ten days patience, till I can make some inquiries about it—and, if I find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under-petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you represent it.

It is necessary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parson was earnestly bent to serve Trim in this affair, not only from the motive of generosity, which I have justly ascribed to him, but likewise from another motive, and that was, by making some sort of recompence for a multitude of small services which Trim had occasionally done, and indeed was

continually doing (as he was much about the house) when his own man was out of the way.—For all these reasons together, I say, the parson of the parish intended to serve Trim in this matter to the utmost of his power. All that was wanting, was previously to inquire if anyone had a *claim* to it, or whether, as it had time immemorial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raise a clamour in the parish. These inquiries were the things that Trim dreaded in his heart—he knew very well, that, if the parson should but say one word to the church-wardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and some other reasons not necessary to be told you at present, Trim was for allowing no time in this matter—but, on the contrary, doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-house—plagued the whole family to death—pressed his suit morning, noon, and night; and, to shorten my story, teased the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill state of health, almost out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation, on the side of master Trim, produced its natural effect on the side of the parson, and that was a suspicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening sitting alone in his study, weighing and turning the doubt every way in his mind, and after an hour and a half's serious deliberation upon the affair, and running over Trim's behaviour throughout—he was just saying to himself—*it must be so*—when a sudden rap at the door put an end to his soliloquy, and in a few minutes to his doubts too; for a labourer in the town, who deemed himself past his fifty-second year, had been returned by the constables in the militia-list—and he had come with a groat in his hand to search the parish register for his age. The parson bid the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, and go into the kitchen—then shutting

the study-door, and taking down the parish register — *who knows*, says he, *but I may find something here about this self same watch-coat?* He had scarce unclasped the book, in saying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the first page, pasted to the inside of one of the covers, whereon was a memorandum about the very thing in question, in these express words.—*Memorandum.* “The great watch-coat was purchased and given, above two hundred years ago, by the lord of the manor, to this parish-church, to the sole use and behoof of the poor sextons thereof, and their successors for ever, to be worn by them respectively in winterly cold nights in ringing *complines, passing bells, &c.*, which the said lord of the manor had done in piety to keep the poor wretches warm, and for the good of his own soul, for which they were directed to pray,” &c. *Just Heaven!* said the parson to himself, looking upwards, *what an escape have I had! give this for an under-petticoat to Trim’s wife! . I would not have consented to such a desecration to be Primate of all England—nay, I would not have disturbed a single button of it for all my tithes.*

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops Trim with the whole subject of the exclamation under both his arms—I say, under both his arms—for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm, and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry it to the taylor to be made up, and had just stepped in, in high spirits, to show the parson how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good similes subsisting in the world, but which I have neither time to recollect or look for, which would give you a strong conception of the astonishment and honest indignation which this unexpected stroke of Trim’s impudence impressed upon the parson’s looks—let it suffice to say, that it exceeded all fair description—as well as all power of proper resentment—except this, that Trim was

ordered, in a stern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table—to go about his business, and wait upon him, at his peril, the next morning at eleven precisely.—Against this hour, like a wise man, the parson had sent to desire John the parish-clerk, who bore an exceeding good character as a man of truth, and who, having moreover a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a-year, in the township, was a leading man in it; and, upon the whole, was such a one, of whom it might be said, that he rather did honour to his office, than that his office did honour to him—him he sends for, with the church-wardens, and one of the sidesmen, a grave, knowing, old man, to be present—for, as Trim had with-held the whole truth from the parson, touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the same thing to others. Though this, I said, was wise, the trouble of the precaution might have been spared—because the parson's character was unblemished—and he had ever been held by the world in the estimation of a man of honour and integrity.—Trim's character, on the contrary, was as well known, if not in the world, at least in all the parish, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, pettifogging, ambidextrous fellow—who neither cared what he did or said of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I said, make any precaution needless—but you must know, as the parson had in a manner but just got down to his living, he dreaded the consequences of the least ill impression on his first entrance among his parishioners, which would have disabled him from doing them the good he wished—so that out of regard to his flock, more than the necessary care due to himself—he was resolved not to lie at the mercy of what resentment might vent, or malice lend an ear to.——

Accordingly, the whole matter was rehearsed, from first to last, by the parson, in the manner I've told you, in the hearing of John the parish-clerk, and in the presence of Trim.

Trim had little to say for himself, except "that the parson had absolutely promised, to befriend him and his wife in the affair to the utmost of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might still give it him if he pleased."

To this the parson's reply was short, but strong, "That nothing was in his *power* to do but what he could do *honestly*—that, in giving the coat to him and his wife, he should do a manifest wrong to the *next* sexton, the great watch-coat being the most comfortable part of the place—that he should moreover injure the right of his own successor, who would be just so much a worse patron as the worth of the coat amounted to; and, in a word, he declared, that his whole intent in promising that coat was charity to Trim, but *wrong* to no man—that was a reserve, he said, made in all cases of this kind: and he declared solemnly, *en verbo sacerdotis*, that this was his meaning, and was so understood by Trim himself."

With the weight of this truth, and the great good sense and strong reason which accompanied all the parson said on the subject—poor Trim was driven to his last shift—and begged he might be suffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by *promise*, at least by *servitude*—it was well known how much he was entitled to it upon these scores: "that he had black'd the parson's shoes without count, and greased his boots above fifty times—that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occasions—whetted the knives at all hours—caught his horse, and rubbed him down—that for his wife she had been ready upon all occasions to char for them; and neither he nor she, to the best of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale."—To this account of his services, he begged leave to add those of his wishes, which, he said, had been equally great—he affirmed, and was ready, he said, to make it appear, by a number of witnesses, "he

had drank his reverence's health a thousand times (by-the-by he did not add, out of the parson's own ale)—that he had not only drank his health, but wished it, and never came to the house but asked his man kindly how he did—that in particular, about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile to ask a cunning woman what was good to stanch blood, and actually returned with a cobweb in his breeches-pocket. Nay, says Trim, it was not a fortnight ago, when your reverence took that strong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town to borrow you a close stool—and came back, as the neighbours who flouted me will all bear witness, with the pan upon my head, and never thought it too much." Trim concluded this pathetic remonstrance, with saying, "He hoped his reverence's heart would not suffer him to requite so many faithful services by so unkind a return:—that if it was so, as he was the first, so he hoped he should be the last example of a man of his condition so treated."—This plan of Trim's defence, which Trim had put himself upon, could admit of no other reply than a general smile.—Upon the whole, let me inform you, that all that could be said *pro* and *con*, on both sides, being fairly heard, it was plain that Trim, in every part of this affair, had behaved very ill—and one thing, which was never expected to be known of him, happened in the course of this debate to come out against him, namely, that he had gone and told the parson, before he had ever set foot in his parish, that John his parish-clerk—his church-wardens, and some of the heads of the parish, were a parcel of scoundrels.—Upon the upshot, Trim was kick'd out of doors, and told at his peril never to come there again.

At first, Trim huff'd and bounced most terribly—swore he would get a warrant—that nothing would serve him but he would call a by-law, and tell the whole parish how the parson had misused him; but cooling of that, as fearing the

parson might possibly bind him over to his good behaviour, and for aught he knew, might send him to the house of correction, he lets the parson alone, and to revenge himself, falls foul upon the clerk, who had no more to do in the quarrel than you or I—rips up the promise of the old—cast—pair of black—plush—breeches; and raises an uproar in the town about it, notwithstanding it had slept ten years—but all this, you must know, is looked upon in no other light but as an artful stroke of generalship in Trim to raise a dust, and cover himself under the disgraceful chastisement he has undergone.——

If your curiosity is not yet satisfied—I will now proceed to relate the *battle* of the *breeches* in the same exact manner I have done that of the watch-coat.——

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when John was appointed parish-clerk of this church, this said Trim took no small pains to get into John's good graces, in order as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promise out of him of a pair of breeches, which John had then by him, of black plush, not much the worse for wearing——Trim only begg'd, for God's sake to have them bestowed upon him when John should think fit to cast them.——

Trim was one of these kind of men who loved a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of a better body's, than the best plain whole thing his wife could spin him.

John, who was naturally unsuspicious, made no more difficulty of promising the breeches than the parson had done in promising the great coat; and indeed with something less reserve——because the breeches were John's *own*, and he could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to say unluckily, but I should

rather say most luckily, for Trim, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel, about some six or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt *the late* parson of the parish and John the clerk. Some body (and it was thought to be no body but Trim) had put it into the parson's head, "that John's desk in the church was at the least four inches higher than it should be—that the thing gave offence, and was indecorous, inasmuch as it approached too near upon a level with the parson's desk itself."—This hardship the parson complained of loudly, and told John, one day after prayers, "he could bear it no longer—and would have it altered, and brought down as it should be." John made no other reply, but "that the desk was not of his raising :—that 'twas not one hair-breadth higher than he found it—and that as he found it, so he would leave it.—In short, he would neither make an encroachment, neither would he suffer one."—The *late* parson might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not *humility*—so that John's stiffness in this point was not likely to reconcile matters.—This was Trim's harvest.

After a friendly hint to John to stand his ground, away hies Trim to make his market at the vicarage.—What passed there I will not say, intending not to be uncharitable ; so shall content myself with only guessing at it from the sudden change that appeared in Trim's dress for the better—for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the stable, and was come forth strutting across the church-yard, yclad in a good charitable cast coat, large hat, and wig, which the parson had just given him.—Ho ! ho ! hollo ! John, cries Trim, in an insolent bravo, as loud as ever he could bawl—see here, my lad, how fine I am !—The more shame for you, answered John seriously—Do you think, Trim, says he, such finery, gained by such services, becomes you, or can wear well ?—Fy upon it, Trim, I could not have expected this from you, considering what friendship you pretended, and how kind I

have ever been to you—how many shillings, and six-pences, I have generously lent you in your distresses.—Nay, it was but the other day that I promised you these black plush-breeches I have on.—Rot your breeches, quoth Trim (for Trim's brain was half turn'd with his new finery) rot your breeches, says he—I would not take them up were they laid at my door—give them, and be d——d to you, to whom you like—I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parson's any day in the week.—John told him plainly, as his word had once passed him, he had a spirit above taking advantage of his insolence in giving them away to another—but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got so many favours of that kind, and was so likely to get many more for the same services, of the parson, that he had better give up the breeches, with good nature, to some one who would be more thankful for them.

Here John mentioned Mark Slender (who it seems the day before had asked John for them) not knowing they were under promise to Trim——“Come, Trim, says he, let poor Mark have them—you know he has not a pair to his a—; besides, you see he is just of my size, and they will fit to a T; whereas if I give 'em to you, look ye, they are not worth much; and besides, you could not get your backside into them, if you had them, without tearing them all to pieces.”——Every tittle of this was most undoubtedly true; for Trim, you must know, by foul feeding, and playing the good-fellow at the parson's, was grown somewhat gross about the lower parts, *if not higher*; so that, as all John said upon the occasion was fact, Trim, with much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at last, out of mere compassion to Mark, *signs, seals, and delivers up* ALL RIGHT, INTEREST, AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER IN AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, AND ASSIGNS, NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION.

—All this renunciation was set forth, in an ample manner, to be in pure pity to Mark's nakedness—but the secret was, Trim had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind, the great green pulpit-cloth, and old velvet cushion, which were that very year to be taken down—which, by-the-bye, could he have wheedled John a second time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loss of the breeches seven-fold.

Now you must know, this pulpit cloth and cushion were not in John's gift, but in the church-wardens, etc. However, as I said above, that John was a leading man in the parish, Trim knew he would help him to 'em if he would—but John had got a surfeit of him—so, when the pulpit-cloth, etc. were taken down, they were immediately given (John having a great say in it) to William Doe, who understood very well what use to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor Mark lived to wear them but a short time, and they got into the possession of Lorry Slim, an unlucky wight, by whom they are still worn—in truth, as you will guess, they are very thin by this time.

But Lorry has a light heart, and what recommends them to him, is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that Trim, let him say what he will to the contrary, still envies the *possessor* of them, and, with all his pride, would be very glad to wear them after *him*.

Upon this footing have these affairs slept quietly for near ten years—and would have slept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking bout, which, as I said, has ripped this squabble up afresh; so that it was no longer ago than last week, that Trim met and insulted John in the public town-way before a hundred people——tax'd him with the promise of the old cast pair of black breeches, notwithstanding Trim's solemn renunciation——twitted him with

the pulpit-cloth and velvet cushion—as good as told him, he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkship; adding, very insolently, that he knew not so much as to give out a common psalm in tune.

John contented himself by giving a plain answer to every article that Trim had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours, who remembered the whole affair—and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wrestling with a chimney-sweeper, he was going to take his leave of Trim for ever. But hold—the mob had by this time got round them, and their high mightinesses insisted upon having Trim tried upon the spot.

Trim was accordingly tried, and, after a full hearing, was convicted a second time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parson's——

Trim, says one, are you not ashamed of yourself to make all this rout and disturbance in the town, and set neighbours together by the ears, about an old—worn—out—pair of cast—breeches not worth half a crown? Is there a cast coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a shilling, but what you have snapped up like a greedy hound as you are?—

In the first place, are you not sexton and dog-whipper, worth three pounds a-year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wife have the washing and darning of the church linen, which brings you in thirteen shillings and four-pence; then you have six shillings and eight-pence for oiling and winding up the clock, both paid you at Easter—the pounder's place, which is worth forty shillings a-year, you have got that too—you are the bailiff, which the late parson got you, which brings you in forty shillings more.

Besides all this, you have six pounds a-year, paid you quarterly,

for being mole-catcher to the parish. "Ay," says the luckless wight above-mentioned, (who was standing close by him with the plush breeches on), "you are only mole-catcher, Trim, but you catch *STRAY CONIES* too in the *dark*, and you pretend a licence for it, which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter-sessions." I maintain it, I have a licence, says Trim, blushing as red as scarlet—I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next parish, I will catch conies every hour of the night. *You catch conies!* says a toothless old woman just passing by.

This set the mob a laughing, and sent every man home in perfect good humour, except Trim, who waddled very slowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and surpassed by none.

I am,

Sir, yours, &c., &c.

POSTSCRIPT

I HAVE broke open my letter to inform you, that I missed the opportunity of sending it by the messenger, who I expected would have called upon me in his return through this village to York; so it has lain a week or ten days by me—I am not sorry for the disappointment, because something has since happened, in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to transmit to you all under one trouble.

When I finished the above account, I thought (as did every soul in the parish) Trim had met with so thorough a rebuff from John the parish-clerk, and the town's folks, who all took part

against him, that Trim would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter rest.

But, it seems, it is not half an hour ago since Trim sallied forth again, and, having borrowed a sow-gelder's horn, with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raise a disturbance, and fight the whole battle over again — alledg'd that he had been used in the last fray worse than a dog, not by John the parish-clerk, for I should not, quoth Trim, have valued him a rush single hands—but all the town sided with him, and twelve men in *buckram* set upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at sword's point for three hours together.

Besides, quoth Trim, there were two misbegotten knaves in *Kendal green*, who lay all the while in ambush in John's own house, and they all sixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me all together—a plague, says Trim, of all cowards.

Trim repeated the story above a dozen times, which made some of the neighbours pity him, thinking the poor fellow crack brain'd, and that he actually believed what he said.

After this Trim dropped the affair of the breeches, and began a fresh dispute about the reading desk, which I told you had occasioned some small dispute between the *late* parson and John, some years ago.—This reading desk, as you will observe, was but an episode wove into the main story by-the-bye, for the main affair was *the battle of the breeches and the great coat*.

However, Trim being at last driven out of these two citadels—he has seized hold, in his retreat, of this reading desk, with a view, as it seems, to take shelter behind it.

I cannot say but the man has fought it out obstinately enough, and, had his cause been good, I should have really pitied him.

For, when he was driven out of the *great watch-coat*, you see he did not run away; no,—he retreated behind the breeches, and, when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading desk. To what other hold Trim will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parson's boot; but, as it is thought he cannot make a long stand there, others are of opinion, that Trim will once more in his life get hold of the parson's horse, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him: but, as the horse is not easy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that, when he is driven out of the reading desk, he will make his last retreat in such a manner, as, if possible, to gain the *close stool*, and defend himself behind it to the very last drop.

If Trim should make this movement, by my advice, he should be left, besides his citadel, in full possession of the field of battle, where 'tis certain he will keep everybody a league off, and may hop by himself till he is weary. Besides, as Trim seems bent upon *purging* himself, and may have abundance of foul humours to work off, I think he cannot be better placed.

But this is all matter of speculation——Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of stand Trim has actually made behind the said desk: "Neighbours and townsmen all, I will be sworn before my Lord Mayor, that John and his nineteen men in *buckram* have abused me worse than a dog; for they told you that I play'd fast and go loose with the *late* parson and him in that old dispute of theirs about the *reading desk*, and that I made matters worse between them, and not better."

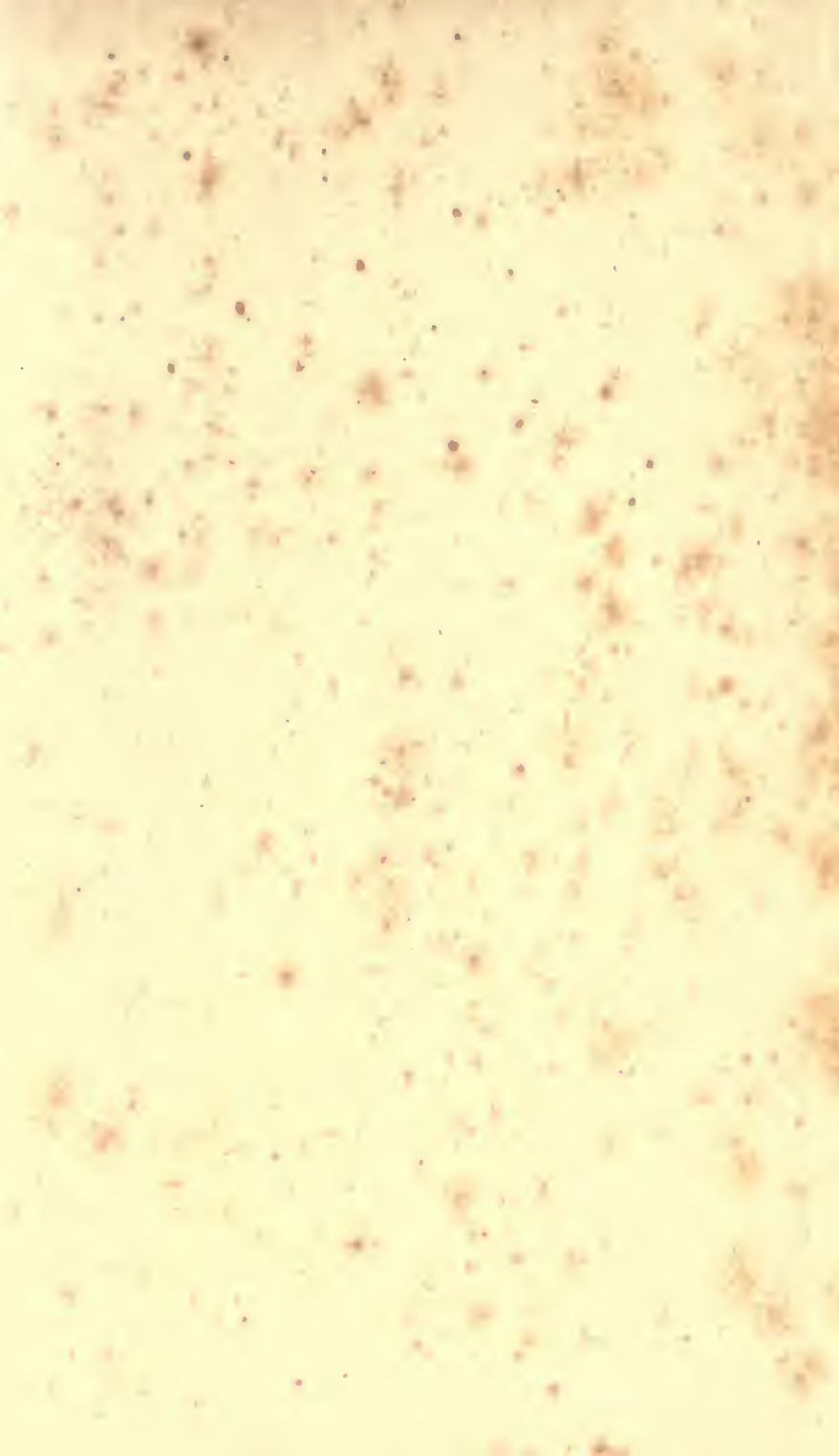
Of this charge Trim declared he was as innocent as the child that was unborn——that he would be book-sworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a strong witness, and moreover, insinuated, that John himself, instead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him—Ay, Trim, says the wight in the plush-breeches, but that was, Trim, the day before John found thee out. Besides, Trim, there is nothing in that; for the very year that you was made town's pounder, thou knowest well, that I both thanked thee myself, and moreover, gave thee a good warm supper for turning John Lund's cows and horses out of my hard corn close, which, if thou hadst not done (as thou toldst me), I should have lost my whole crop: whereas, John Lund and Thomas Patt, who are both here to testify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that thou thyself was the very man who set the gate open—and after all, it was not thee, Trim, 'twas the blacksmith's poor lad who turned them out—so that a man may be thanked and rewarded too for a good turn which he never did, nor ever did intend.

Trim could not sustain this unexpected stroke—so Trim marched off the field without colours flying, or his horn sounding, or any other ensigns of honour whatever.—Whether after this Trim intends to rally a second time—or whether he may not take it into his head to claim the victory—none but Trim himself can inform you.

However, the general opinion upon the whole is this, that, in three several pitch'd battles, Trim has been so *trimm'd* as never disastrous hero was *trimm'd* before.

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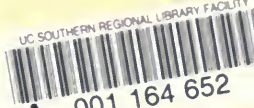
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